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A full-page photograph of Wayne Gretzky in action. He is wearing a blue and orange Edmonton Oilers jersey with the number 99. He is in a crouched position on the ice, holding a white hockey stick with 'TITAN' written on it. He is wearing a blue helmet and black gloves. The background is a blurred ice rink.

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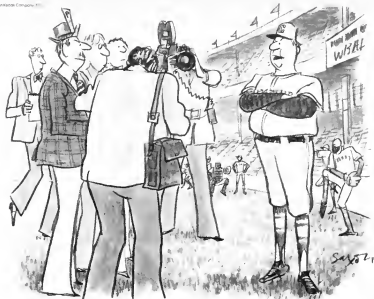


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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



JENKINS AND A FRIEND AT PEBBLE BEACH

Dan Jenkins has been abroad in the land of late, plugging his latest book, *Baja Oklahoma* (Atheneum, \$12.95). He dropped in at WLS-TV in Chicago for an interview with John Callaway, who said, "In your book, TCU is beaten by Texas 85-0, and it reminds me of our problems with Northwestern University, which hasn't won a game in the last 34 years." And Jenkins said, "They both wear purple and white; they have that in common.... They've both been terrible for about 10 years and I think they both ought to get on probation. Then at least we'll know they're trying. SMU's got a winning team this year and they're on probation. They can't go to a bowl. Maybe that means Methodists try harder than Christians. I don't know."

In print and in conversation Jenkins almost never stoops to the commonplace. The man who reported the downhill skiing carnage at the 1968 Winter Olympics for \$1 thrusty—"American boy parts and girl parts were being spread across the slopes like Bela Lugosi's favorite buffet"—has never stopped doing his damndest to put that kind of Jenkinsian originality into everything he utters, whether it be in a bestseller like *Semi-Tough* or casu-

al chat at the office water cooler or five fast rounds with Carson.

Jenkins is getting boffo reviews for *Baja Oklahoma* (that's Dan's way of saying Texas), which, like *Semi-Tough*, will be made into a movie. He's writing the screenplay. Also several other screenplays. After that he may write a novel, a sequel to *Semi-Tough*. "Probably called *Semi-Grown-up*." And, as usual, he is writing golf for us. In this issue he reports on the Bing Crosby National Pro-Am tournament (page 26).

Golf, says Jenkins, is "the hardest sport in the world to play well consistently. It requires more practice than any other sport. And the golfer has more enemies than any other athlete. He has 14 clubs in his bag, all of them different; 18 holes to play, all of them different, every week; and all around him are sand, trees, grass, water, wind and 143 other players. In addition, the game is 50 percent mental, so his biggest enemy is himself. That's why golf is the hardest sport to write about. It's hard to make it interesting for someone with no working knowledge of the game. Every time I stagger to the typewriter I know this."

Jenkins does spend a lot of time at the typewriter—so much, in fact, that he keeps discovering surprising things that have happened around him, such as his children having grown up. Daughter Solly is suddenly 21 and sports editor of the *Stanford Daily*; she graduates in June. Her twin, Marty, works for a TV production firm in New York. And Danny, 20, is studying to be a news photographer.

As Jenkins says, "If I'm not in a locker room, an airplane or a press-room, I'm at home in New York, working on a book or a movie. Occasionally, a lady sticks her head in the door and says, 'Hi. You may not remember me. I'm June Jenkins. Your wife.'"

Philip D. Howard



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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHEENBAUM

SETTING EXAMPLES

A strong argument can be offered that a substantial term of incarceration imposed on this defendant will be recalled in the future by another college athlete who may be tempted to compromise his performance.

—U.S. District Judge Henry Bramwell, in sentencing former Boston College basketball player Rick Kuhn to 10 years in prison for his part in a point-shaving scheme during the 1978-79 season.

They wanted to make an example, and I was the example.

—Los Angeles Kings Coach Don Perry, after receiving a six-game suspension from NHL President John Ziegler for ordering an L.A. player, Paul Mulvey, to leave the bench to fight during a game.

As studies in deterrence, the actions taken last week in a Brooklyn courtroom and the offices of the National Hockey League offered a sharp contrast. The 10-year jail term that Bramwell imposed on Kuhn was unexpectedly harsh, evoking sympathy for Kuhn from, among others, St. John's Coach Lou Carnesecca, who said, "A murderer will get that kind of sentence." But Carnesecca also predicted that the punishment meted out to Kuhn (who will be eligible for parole in 3½ years) will have the intended effect of discouraging other college athletes from following in his footsteps. Kuhn was convicted on Nov. 23 of charges that he shaved points at the behest of gamblers and sought to induce his teammates to do the same. "I'm sure this will make a big impression on today's basketball players," Carnesecca said.

In Perry's case, it was harder to assess the likely efficacy of the penalty because it was impossible to tell exactly what "example" Ziegler was trying to set. In ordering Mulvey to fight, Perry was merely doing what comes naturally in the NHL, which tacitly approves fighting

in the interest of selling tickets. To be sure, Ziegler and other NHL officials insist that fighting is condoned only as an essential outlet for "frustration," implying that such fighting occurs spontaneously, but that's sheer nonsense. Even a boxer taking a beating in the ring, one of the most frustrating experiences in sport, must restrain the impulse to vent his frustration by circumventing the rules—by, say, kicking his foe or wrestling him to the ground. It took a rare act of rebellion—a refusal by Mulvey to obey Perry's command to "goon it up," as Mulvey put it—to expose the NHL's hypocrisy on the subject of fighting, and it was out of embarrassment over this exposure that Ziegler suspended Perry. That punishment was a public relations gesture just as contrived as the premeditated brawling that reduces a rough, but also a swift and elegant, game to the level of Roller Derby.

The sentencing of Kuhn and the suspension of Perry both deal with dishonesty in sport. There the similarity ends. Bramwell's action was calculated to end the dishonesty in question; Ziegler's perpetuated it.

MAY THE OFF-SEASON RUN FOREVER

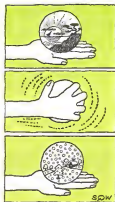
Chicago sports fans have been abuzz in recent weeks over goings-on involving the Bears, Cubs and White Sox, who have, respectively, hired a new coach and manager (Mike Ditka and Dallas Green) and acquired several key new players. The three teams have generated so much seemingly positive news that Chicago Tribune columnist Steve Daley felt compelled the other day to put their activities in proper perspective. He wrote, "Face it: Chicago doesn't have an off-season. No one loses interest in football, baseball or basketball until the teams start playing games."

A LONG WAY FROM LONG BEACH

At work in the office of his Cape Cod-style house, Tom Jennings looks contentedly out on his four acres of wooded

New Hampshire countryside, a vision of lush green pine and skeletal white birch aslumber under a blanket of snow. It's a stereotypical midwinter New England scene, which is rather odd because the office happens to be headquarters of the Pacific Coast Club of Long Beach. That's right, Pacific. And, yep, Long Beach, as in (supposedly) California. One of the nation's leading track and field clubs, boasting as members world indoor record holders Billy Olson (pole vault), Debbie Brill (high jump) and 14 other world-class performers, the Pacific Coast Club of Long Beach has been a glorious misnomer ever since Jennings, 40, its coach and executive director, moved to West Lebanon, N.H. three years ago after seeing some travel brochures and concluding, "There must be something more beautiful than the free-ways of L.A."

Jennings is a Berkeley native and erstwhile half-miler who captained the Long



Beach State track team in 1963. He founded the Pacific Coast Club in partnership with the city of Long Beach four years later. For a time the club occupied a splendid, castle-like oceanside building. "It was similar to the New York Athletic Club," says Jennings, "but in 1971, when there weren't enough members, it was boarded up." The club's headquarters have since been situated wherever Jennings, a former insurance salesman who now runs a mail-order

continued



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SCORECARD continued

stamp business, has made his home.

That Jennings has moved the club to New Hampshire isn't as incongruous as it seems, because his main role is to handle the team's finances, travel arrangements and public relations, tasks that can be carried on almost anywhere. Besides, the athletes themselves are scattered all over, getting together mostly at meets. Olson lives in Texas, Brill in British Columbia, others in Arkansas, Oregon and other far-flung locales. "They work out best in whatever environment is most comfortable for them," Jennings says. "I'm not involved in the day-to-day coaching. At that level, the athlete is pretty much self-coached, anyway."

When Jennings isn't on the road with his club team, he coaches the high school track team in Hanover, N.H., meanwhile going through his paces as a self-proclaimed "hot-shot Masters runner," and drinking in the New England scenery. He says of his picture-book surroundings, "Everyone else seems to be moving in the other direction—east to west. People said I was nuts. They still say I'm nuts... at least until they see the place."

POSTMORTEMS

Super Bowl XVI is over, but last week the memory lingered on.

● A Texas newspaper, the *Port Arthur News*, pointed out for the benefit of omen seekers that, for four straight years now, Bum Phillips has ended his season with losses to the ultimate Super Bowl winner—the Steelers in 1978 and 1979 (winners over Phillips' Oilers in the AFC championship game both seasons), the Raiders in 1980 (winners over the Oilers in the AFC wild-card playoff game) and the 49ers in 1981 (winners over Phillips' New Orleans Saints in the regular-season finale).

● Jim Doan, sports information director at the University of California-Davis, took note of a particular sequence of five plays in the Super Bowl, all of which involved 49er Placekicker Ray Wersching, and wondered whether another kicker at any level of football had ever put in such a busy 15 seconds of elapsed playing time. First, with 15 seconds to go in the first half, Wersching kicked a 22-yard field goal, giving San Francisco a 17-0 lead. Then Wersching's squib kickoff was fumbled by the Bengals and recovered by the 49ers. After an illegal procedure penalty assessed against the 49ers, Wersching kicked a 26-yard field goal.

continued

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making it 20-0 with two seconds to go. Werschag's squib kickoff then was downed by Cincinnati as the half ended. Finally, Werschag kicked off to start the second half.

• **NFC partisans** were, suddenly, only too glad to revive the old argument about which conference was stronger. The AFC had been on top for some years, but this season the NFC won the Super Bowl (for only the second time in a decade), won a majority (28 of 52) of the inter-conference games during the regular season (for the first time since 1971), and won two more places than the AFC on the football writers' All-Pro team (for its best representation since 1973). AFC players on the All-Pro team included such perennials as the Steelers' Mike Webster, Jack Lambert and Mel Blount, which may signal further change in the near future, because the resurgent NFC dominated the all-rookie team, with 18 of the 24 players named. Further, where the AFC used to have a big edge in quarterbacks, with Bob Griese, Terry Bradshaw, Ken Stabler, et al., some of the best quarterbacks are now in the NFC: Joe Montana, Danny White, Steve Bartkowski, Tommy Kramer. The AFC did beat the NFC in the Pro Bowl, but that's all right. The NFCers had won it the previous four years and used to complain that they could win it but not the Super Bowl. Now the cleat seems to be on the other foot.

NOT AN EMPTY HONOR

Of course, the AFC can always try to claim that all-rookie teams aren't necessarily that valid. For instance, this season's all-rookie center is Atlanta's John Scully, out of Notre Dame, who appeared in just three games at that position and made the team more or less by default because no other rookies played center very much, either. Scully will probably take a ribbing for that, but it shouldn't bother him too much; he had a clause in his contract guaranteeing him a bonus if he made the all-rookie squad—and there was nothing in there about how.

A SURFEIT OF FORFEITS

As frequently happens in high school wrestling, the team at White Swan (Wash.) High has trouble fielding entrants in all 13 weight classes. The same problem bedevils the team at rival Highland High. Thus, when the two schools got together the other day for a meet, no-

body was particularly surprised that White Swan had only six wrestlers on hand, Highland just five. What was surprising was this: None of the White Swan boys was in the same weight class as any of the Highland boys, which meant that no matches could take place.

Because of the odds-defying circumstance, the meet was short and sweet. First, White Swan's Donald Weeks stepped forward and had his hand held up by the referee, who declared him the winner by forfeit in the 101-pound class. Next, Highland's Todd Krienke came out and was designated the winner by forfeit at 108 pounds. And so it went, right up to Highland's Keat Wilkinson, who was pronounced victorious—a forfeit, of course—in the unlimited-weight class. With six points awarded for victory in each match, White Swan, by virtue of its extra man, won the meet 36-30. "It was just coincidence that none of our wrestlers matched up," Highland Coach Craig O'Brien said. Of the reaction of the 30-odd spectators to the freakish meet, O'Brien said, "They almost tore the place apart, it was so exciting."

BISHOP'S GAMBIT

It would be hard to find another high school athletic program to match that of Bishop Hendricken High of Warwick, R.I. In 1981, competing in Rhode Island's major school division, Bishop Hendricken, a parochial boys' school with an enrollment of about 1,100, won state championships in seven sports: football, basketball, baseball, soccer, swimming, wrestling and cross-country. The Hawks also finished second in hockey, tennis and indoor and outdoor track. The cross-country and swimming teams were New England champions as well.

The only sport in which Bishop Hendricken did not reach the state finals was golf. The boys are working on that. Fore!

LET'S PRETEND

Not realizing that the game had been canceled months earlier, Las Vegas oddsmakers made Davidson's basketball team a 5½-point favorite over The Citadel on Jan. 27. To his annoyance, Davidson's sports information director, Emil Parker, got a firsthand reminder the next day of the extent of gambling involvement in college sports. By Parker's count, more than 50 "fans," frustrated by the absence of a score in their newspaper, called him to ask how the game had come out.

Parker allows that he might have succumbed to the temptation to give the callers a phony score except that he was "afraid of waking up and finding a mile-long black limo parked in my driveway."

The make-believe score Parker had in mind would have had his school failing to cover the spread under circumstances calculated to cause apoplexy among at least some of the callers: Davidson 149, Citadel 144 in triple overtime.

TIME-OUT FOR THE BOOKS

Let it be concluded from recent academic transcript scandals and intimations of classroom cheating by athletes that it's impossible these days to be both a college student and a jock, please meet David Stotts, a reserve guard on the Indiana University Southeast basketball team who, after having been sidelined with a knee injury, was playing himself back into shape with the school's junior varsity team in a game against the Hanover College jayvees. Stotts played the first half but then excused himself at halftime to attend a computer-programming class. When the class ended, he returned to the gym to find out how the game had turned out only to discover that it was in the third overtime, that three of his teammates had fouled out, that each of the four remaining players had four fouls and that Stotts's team was clinging to an 83-81 lead.

Stotts rushed to the dressing room, put on his uniform and returned to the game. We're pleased to report that, his class out of the way and his conscience clear, Stotts hit a free throw in the waning seconds to help seal an 86-83 win.

THEY SAID IT

• **Ken Anderson**, Cincinnati Bengal quarterback, recalling the problems with interceptions that plagued him early in the 1981 season: "I'd go to the huddle in practice, and the offensive linemen would say, 'Let us know which direction you're throwing this time so we'll know who we have to tackle.'"

• **Dana Kirk**, Memphis State basketball coach, assigning his defensive specialist, Bobby Parks, to guard Louisville's star in a game in Memphis: "Derek Smith is going to be chewing gum, and I want you to be able to tell me what flavor it is."

• **Bobby Parks**, excitedly addressing Kirk after holding Smith to 11 points in a 74-65 overtime Memphis State victory: "Coach, it was Dentyne."

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The Lord Of The Rinks

As Wayne Gretzky strengthens his claim to being the NHL's top star, his Oilers keep winning—big

by **MIKE DELNAGRO**

The coach is steaming. The bus he's riding in is crowded and hot. Clenched in his fist is a piece of paper—a roster of the Edmonton Oilers. The coach's own team, an established NHL power, has just been outskated, outhit and—what really tees him off—outscored by the miserable list of names he holds. Pen in hand, he flattens the piece of paper and circles the name Wayne Gretzky. Again. And again. Now he puts slash marks through Wayne Gretzky. Now he inks out Wayne Gretzky, every last trace, down to the serif on the final y. He indicates the great blot of ink. "This way, 75 percent of Edmonton is gone," he says. "No way they beat us." He pauses, deep in thought, and then adds, "But no one around can blot out Wayne Gretzky."

Or the Gretzky-led Oilers. They are the slickest, quickest, most explosive club in the NHL, a boom team from a boomtown. With wins last weekend over the Maple Leafs (5-1) and the Rangers (8-4), the Oilers ran their record to 35-13-10 and strengthened their grip on first place, not only in the Smythe Division but also in

continued

The ever-increasing demands of the public and the news media are beginning to try Gretzky's patience.

the whole 21-team league. At this time last season only one team had a worse record than Edmonton's. What's going on here?

For one thing, in the 21-year-old Gretzky, the Oilers have far and away the most dominant player in the game. He's re-writing the NHL record book so completely that last week league headquarters in Montreal felt obliged to issue a press release detailing his accomplishments to date. Seven pages. In brief, it said that Gretzky is having the finest season any NHL player has ever had.

Now in his third year in the league, Gretzky probably will break all the major NHL single-season scoring records. In 1980-81 he broke Phil Esposito's scoring mark of 152 points by getting 164 and Bobby Orr's assist record of 102, with 109. This year, as of last Sunday, Gretzky had 69 goals and 83 assists for 152 points. And with 25% of the season to go, he should topple both records again. He'll also surpass Esposito's hallowed mark of 76 goals in a season. "He's made the record book obsolete," says North Star General Manager Lou Nanne. "From now on, Gretzky's only point of reference is himself."

The Oilers actually began to surge near the close of last season. They lost just four of their final 20 games on the regular schedule. Then in the playoffs, they upset Montreal in three straight and won two games from the Islanders before going under. At the time Gretzky was 20 years old. So were high-scoring wings Mark Messier, Glenn Anderson and Jari Kurri. Edmonton's top two defensemen, Kevin Lowe and Paul Coffey, were 21 and 19, respectively. "We went through bad times together, grew up together, lost together," says Gretzky. "Now's our turn to win together."

Much of the credit for Edmonton's success belongs to Glen Sather, 37, the Oilers' coach, G.M. and president. After bouncing among six NHL teams in nine seasons as a wild-eyed utility forward, Sather closed out his playing career in the now-defunct WHA with Edmonton in 1975-76. Bep Guidolin, then the Oiler coach, took a shine to Sather and had him run a few practices. One day late that season, Guidolin called Sather into his office and said, "Tonight I want you either in the stands or behind the bench." Guidolin was fired shortly



After he joined Gretzky's line, Lunnery embarked on a 12-game goal-scoring streak.

The fleet Messier has escaped opponents' clutches often enough to score 36 goals.



thereafter, and Sather has been in charge of the Oilers ever since.

In 1979, when Edmonton joined the NHL, Sather committed the Oilers to building through the draft. He wanted speed and youth, not grinding veterans. His phone rang constantly. Often it was Scotty Bowman of the Sabres, Bill Torrey of the Islanders or Keith Allen of the Flyers. "Wolves howling at the door," says Sather. His players were unproved talents, and it would have been easy to trade any one of them for three or four solid veterans. In January of 1981 Bowman offered four Sabres for Coffey. But Sather held his ground. His steadfastness is now paying off.

With Gretzky leading the charge, the Oilers easily have the highest-scoring team in the league. In a sport in which scoring 40 goals is like hitting 25 home runs, the Edmonton lineup is Murderer's Row. Gretzky and Messier, who already has 36 goals, are the heaviest hitters, and Anderson (27), Coffey (26), Kurri (23) and Dave Lumley (23) also are on pace for 30 goals or more. Looking at it another way, Detroit's leading scorer, Mark Osborne, has 16 goals and 34 assists for 50 points; were he at Edmonton, he would be the No. 7 scorer.

The Oilers pretty much have all the parts. The prolific offense is balanced by such veteran defensemen as Doug Hicks, Lee Fogelin and Garry Lariviere, who stay at home, and by rugged forwards Pat Hughes and Dave Hunter, who held Montreal's famed Guy Lafleur to no goals in last year's playoffs. And though Gretzky and the other scorers might seem like inviting targets, they rarely are hit. Pesky and elusive, Gretzky says only twice in his life has he been banged hard enough to see stars. "Hit him?" says Nanne. "You can't hit Gretzky with a handful of confetti."

Besides, Curt Brackenbury, a human pinball on ice, and, especially, Dave Semenko stand ever ready to protect him. At 6' 3", 215 pounds, Semenko, 24, was once the undefeated heavyweight champ of the WHA. He's disliked by rival teams, who mockingly call him "cement head," and not even all that much admired by Oiler owner Peter Pocklington, who once said Semenko skates "like a Zamboni." But Semenko knows his role as one of the league's most unsavory players. He once smashed the face of Is-

lander Goalie Billy Smith so hard that Smith's mask flew over the glass into the stands. "I've seen it a couple of times with us," says Vancouver Coach Harry Neale. "Gretzky just kind of rolls his head in the direction of a guy who just hit him, and Semenko moves in."

While the Oilers' blue-line corps is

Adopted by a white couple as an infant, Fuhr grew up outside of Edmonton in Spruce Grove, Alberta. Though he's only the seventh black player in NHL history—and the first to tend goal—Fuhr isn't on any kind of racial crusade. He'd much rather be compared with Ken Dryden than with Jackie Robinson. "It's



One of four Oiler All-Stars, Coffey leads NHL defensemen in scoring with 77 points.

sound, the heart of any defense is in the nets, and Edmonton's goaltending is superior. That's because at last June's draft Sather broke NHL tradition by selecting a goalie, Grant Fuhr, in the first round. Fuhr stepped right in as the No. 1 goal-keeper. He has lost only three of 33 decisions, and from Oct. 14 until Jan. 16 he went 24 games without a defeat. Fuhr is a standup shot-blocker with keen reflexes and an uncommon knack for steering deflections toward his teammates. His play has been good enough to make him—along with Messier, Coffey and Gretzky—an All-Star. To top that all off, Fuhr is only 19—and he's black.

more interesting," he says. Still, one day might he not enjoy his historic significance? "Not really."

"Grant, do you get excited about anything?"

"Not really."

"Why not?"

"There's not a whole lot to get excited about."

Fortunately for the Oilers, if not for newsmen, Fuhr is as impenetrable in goal as he is in the interview room. "I've never seen anyone like him," Sather says. "He never gets rattled or shakes his head or panics." Adds Lumley, "A puck may have just whizzed by his head, and

continued

all Grant will say is, 'Hmm, that was an interesting shot.'"

Last season, while playing junior hockey for Victoria, British Columbia, Fuhr gave up 2.78 goals a game, the least in the Western Hockey League. Normally, junior teams alternate two or more goalies. Thus, draft-age netminders tend to be woefully inexperienced. Not Fuhr. He was so exceptional that Victoria Coach Jack Shupe started him in 59 of

may be The Great One or Mr. Wayne—derful elsewhere and to others, yet in the Edmonton locker room he's Wheeze—short for Weasel. But while the Oilers razz him and say he's merely their equal, they are all in awe of his talent. "What amazes me most is that he never stops amazing me," says Messier. "He'll do some totally incredible thing and you think, 'O.K., that's it; I'll never see the likes of that again.' Then, damn, he

raised his season total to 50. Only two other players in NHL history, Maurice Richard in 1944-45 and Mike Bossy last year, have scored 50 goals in 50 games, and both needed all 50 games. For Gretzky, goal No. 50 came in Game 39.

Afterward, the Flyers' Bobby Clarke and Paul Holmgren violated an NHL taboo by visiting an opponent's locker room. "I know everything's been written about you," Clarke told Gretzky. "I think none of it is adequate." Two weeks ago, another familiar face popped into the Oiler locker room and asked Gretzky if he could please have an autographed hockey stick. It was Orr.

Much has been said about Gretzky's early on-ice training, about his dad, Walter, sailing pucks around a flooded backyard rink for little Wayne to chase. But the fact remains, most NHL players practiced hard as kids, and none of them is as good as Gretzky. "The idea that Wayne is the player he is because of how hard he worked is garbage," says Sather. "What he does on the ice isn't taught; it comes down straight from the Lord."

Sather's chief concern, naturally, is keeping Gretzky's skates on the ice. "His presence alone psychs out our opponents," says Sather. "My job is to manipulate Wayne so that he upsets them as much as possible, without wearing him down." Still, Sather regularly calls upon Gretzky to take abnormally long, 1½-to-two-minute shifts, which means he plays 32 to 38 minutes a game. Most first-line centers are on the ice about 22 minutes. Sather also "floats" Gretzky at center with all four sets of wings almost every game. At times Sather has even played Gretzky at wing and once used him as a defenseman. Last week, in a 6-3 loss to Montreal, Canadian Center Doug Risebrough was assigned to cover Gretzky, but Wayne's manipulations nearly drove Risebrough batty. At one point Risebrough went off the ice, on again, off, and on again—all in about 10 seconds. He was leaping over the boards like a man jumping rope, until Referee Andy van Hellemond finally resolved his dilemma by whistling him to the bench.

Sather has no problem assigning linemates to Gretzky. All the Oilers practically beg for ice time with him. "Playing with Wayne's a career break," says Kurri. "With him, you know your plus-minus, goals and assists will go up."



Sather faced down all the "wolves" who wanted to snatch away his young skaters.

72 games. In his sales pitch to Sather, Barry Fraser, the Oilers' chief scout, called Fuhr the most promising junior goaltender since Bernie Parent. At the moment, he's the leading candidate for Rookie of the Year.

Teammates may tease Fuhr about his lack of loquaciousness, but that's nothing compared with the treatment they give Gretzky, whom they constantly needle, particularly about the size of his nose. He

does something even more incredible."

To illustrate, Messier points to a five-game stretch last December. In the first four games, Gretzky sort of hit for the cycle—only in goals—scoring three, two, one and then four. Messier thought, "What can he possibly do for an encore?" Gretzky showed him in the very next game, against defensively strong Philadelphia. Gretzky got five goals. Most astonishingly, the five-goal spree

Adds Anderson, "He opens up the game, lifts the action to a higher level. He makes hockey more fun." In all, Gretzky has set up 14 different teammates for goals this season. Of the Oilers' 313 goals, he has scored or assisted on 152. He has gotten points in 52 games. In the six he hasn't, Edmonton's record is 1-4-1.

"Wayne's like having your own Fantasy Island," says Lumley, who should know. In November, Sather put Lumley on a line with Gretzky, and Lumley immediately went on a 12-game goal-scoring streak, one short of the modern record set by the Kings' Charlie Simmer in 1980-81. Right before the streak, Lumley had spent 13 games in the stands.

When Gretzky assumes control of the puck, Edmonton's Northlands Coliseum—or any other NHL arena, for that matter—crackles with electricity. He likes to set up in the 10-foot area behind the enemy goal line and quarterback the offense from there. Bowman says that from behind the goal Gretzky has such complete vision his passing becomes uncanny. "He's the only player I've ever seen who can consistently center the puck from there through three sets of skates—and softly," says Bowman.

According to Edmonton's backup goalie, Ron Low, Gretzky invented a behind-the-net shot whereby he blasts the puck off the heel of the goalie's stick so that it caroms into the net. He actually practices this play and has scored off it several times in games. Against Hartford last year, Gretzky was trapped behind the net, defensemen barreling toward him from both sides. Kurri was open in the slot. Gretzky flipped the puck onto the blade of his stick and flicked it over the goal—a perfect pass—and Kurri tapped it home. "I never saw that before," says Low. "Not even in practice."

Talent, leadership, savvy—all of these qualities combine in Gretzky with a deep, smoldering drive never to be beaten. "Wayne has simply got to be first," says Fogelin. "With him there's no other



The first black goaltender in NHL history, Fuhr is 20-3-10.

way. If someone takes the puck from him, he starts to get red spots on his face, and he becomes very intent. You know next time out he'll go like the wind, lift the tempo a notch. And if everybody keeps up with him, he'll lift it more, and more . . . until he feels he's gotten even." Gretzky doesn't deny this. "Hockey is supposed to be fun," he says, "but it's fun only when you're winning."

Being the best has made Gretzky rich, even though in his first two NHL seasons he didn't get all the money he might have. He was content with a salary of about \$150,000 a year, despite reports that other NHL stars, notably Los Angeles' Marcel Dionne, were making close to \$600,000. But before this season began he had a long talk with Pocklington, and two weeks ago Gretzky emerged with a 21-year deal. The first 15 years could be worth \$20 million.

Interestingly, Gretzky shied away from any of the incentive clauses such contracts normally contain. "I believe

that I sign a contract to do my best," he says. "I should be paid for that, not for scoring 20 goals or 50 goals." In place of such sweeteners, however, Gretzky's contract calls for extra money if the team does well, with increments for making the playoffs and then for each round it wins in them. Gretzky loves the arrangement. "I'm not the Edmonton Oilers," he says. "I'm part of the team." News of the contract also has enhanced Gretzky's image as a rising media star, replete with a fast-growing following of ogling fans and an ever-increasing entourage of newsmen from Canada and the U.S.

This is beginning to cause some strain. Despite his unforgiving politeness, last week Gretzky began dodging interview requests for the first time. The day before the Montreal game, he snapped at Oiler publicity man Bill Tuele. "What else can they possibly ask me? I've told them everything I know." But calls keep coming, as many as 100 a day, including one last week from a woman in

Los Angeles. "Where's that Wayne?" she asked Tuele. "He's such a cutie. I just want to rape him." The next day, the Oilers announced that all Gretzky interviews must be done in the locker room.

In part, the arrangement is designed to help avoid a repeat of a five-game winless streak Edmonton went through on a road trip in mid-January. All told, 132 reporters requested interviews with Gretzky during that Eastern swing. Between the media crush and playing five games in five different cities in seven nights, Gretzky was pale and tired. At one point he told Allen Abel of the Toronto Globe and Mail, "I bleed, too. People think my day lasts 30 hours. Years ago, my father used to tell me, 'Either go out and practice now or you'll be getting up at six in the morning the rest of your life to go to work.' Now I'm getting up at 5:30 to catch airplanes. We laugh about that a lot."

Last week Gretzky was still laughing. So were the Oilers.

PHO

It Was Yo-Ho-Ho And A Battle Of Run

Michael Musyoki got in the spirit of the Gasparilla Festival's pirate motif by cutting down his mates with a record **by KENNY MOORE**

Coming to the midpoint of last Saturday's Gasparilla 15-km. race, where the course turned upon itself and headed back toward downtown Tampa, Grete Waitz of Norway knew she had won. "My legs felt tired," she would say later, "but that was from all the hard training I've been doing, with little rest. I didn't think I'd get the record [the world road-racing mark of 48:01 she had set in the same race in 1980], so all I wanted as I approached the turning point was to see the leading men in the race coming back past us."

Looking across the grass divider she saw four male runners still in contention. Leading the group, as he had done much of the way, was Jose Joao DaSilva of Brazil, representing the São Paulo Futebol Clube, where he's a kids' track coach. Right behind him were Adrian Leek of Wales and East Tennessee State, Greg Meyer of Holliston, Mass. and Michael Musyoki of Kenya and UTEP.

These four had left behind a field so accomplished that one of its number, Herb Lindsay, the best all-around U.S. road racer last year, called it "the deepest race I've ever run." Lindsay, in need of training after recovering from a bug he picked up in Brazil in January, would finish 12th. Ric Rojas of Boulder, Colo., the defending Gasparilla champion and world road-racing record holder for 15 km. at 43:12, and Craig Virgin of Lebanon, Ill., the U.S. 10,000-meter record holder, were also losing ground. The reason was basic. After a modestly paced start in deference to the morning's 70° temperature and near 100% humidity, DaSilva, Leek, Musyoki and Meyer had hit the mile posts—15 km. is 9.3 miles—in 4:31, 4:30, 4:34 and 4:39 and showed no sign of further slowing.

They now had an 18-second cushion on the 4:38-per-mile pace they needed to break Rojas' record. The course is dead flat. To their right lay the pungent tidal flats of Hillsborough Bay. To the left, be-

yond the colorful stream of their 5,000 pursuers, stood stately palms and a quiet residential neighborhood. A scattering of spectators politely cheered them on.

Somehow this wasn't what one had been led to expect from Gasparilla. In addition to the road race, the festival of that name encompasses parades, bed races, business leaders taking over the town in the garb of pirates and, according to heavily promoted legend, bacchanalia. "Our own Gasparilla," said the Editor's Page of Tampa Magazine, "the celebration of a (probably fictitious) 18th Century buccaneer, fits right into the noble tradition of madness, heavy-duty intoxication, public posturing and daring sexual escapades." The editor's only lament seemed to be that more of Tampa's citizens don't take part, but even in the dark hours of the morning, runners arriving extra early for the 8:30 a.m. start glimpsed the occasional pirate haunting the docks. "What do you make of that?" Rojas had said half seriously. "Is the region such a repressed society that it has to sanction wild outbursts, even has to fabricate excuses for them, or face internal decay?"

"It's just a different culture," said Lindsay. "I mean, the front page of the Tampa Times had a picture of a high-diving mule at the State Fair."

But out past the halfway point, few runners felt much like celebrating. The air, though perfectly comfortable for passive observers, could absorb no sweat and so could cool no hard-working bodies. The aid stations began to exert a compelling attraction. "I'm not practiced at taking drinks," said Wendy Smith, the British women's cross-country champion. "I ran down a whole row of people knocking cups from their hands before I got one, and when I tried to drink I ended up throwing the water in my face."

But the sun, the one factor that could have forced the leaders to slow, stayed behind a cloud. DaSilva, judging his op-

ponents, thought he had the most to fear from Meyer. "He's the most experienced, the fastest athlete," DaSilva said. Indeed, Meyer, a Boston University student, had run a 4:02 mile on the Harvard indoor track a week earlier. Meyer, in turn, felt that if anyone was in control of the situation, it was Musyoki. The Kenyan was running his first 15-km. race,



but he had splendid credentials on either side of the distance, owning the world's fastest road performance at 10,000 meters (27:55) and one of the fastest at the half-marathon (1:02:07).

Past six miles in 27:36, a 4:36-mile pace, the top four were still locked together, but back through the field gaps began to open. "The course lends itself to breaking down mentally in the middle," said Rich Castro of Boulder, Colo. "The city seems so far away . . . and it's

not getting any closer." There was a time in the late '60s when the boy flanking the runners was so polluted that if a fish somehow jumped, it was problematic whether it could get back below the surface. The water isn't nearly that bad now, but the eutrophic air in some places, as Waitz said, "made me want to stop and be sick." With that and the rising temperature, she miscalculated. "The split at seven miles seemed to mean that I wouldn't come near the record," she said, "so I eased off."

At almost the same spot, the pace of Musyoki and Meyer dropped DaSilva, though Leek hung tight. Meyer's only

road-racing records are of limited significance. That some road races are run over mountains and some beside flat bays makes courses incomparable. The only legitimate comparison is with previous course records. And that happened to be exactly what Waitz was interested in.

"I ought to go back to school," she said, once she had finished in 48:25, the third-best time ever run by a woman. "If I hadn't mistakenly thought I had no chance, I might have made a good try at breaking 48." She went on to say that her goal this year was to do well in the European track championships in late summer, so records in February weren't of



Waitz miscalculated and missed her mark.



Musyoki of Kenya ran a best-ever 43:08 in his first-ever 15-kilometer road race.

hope seemed to be that Musyoki would have so much confidence in his finish that he would let Meyer, a good kicker, stay close. But Musyoki was never in danger of that sort of error. He likes to be clearly out front, and after eight miles he "put on a little hard pace," as he said, and drew away from Leek and Meyer.

Musyoki ran on to win in 43:08, four seconds better than Rojas' world best. Meyer passed Leek to take second in an American record 43:11. Of course, these

the highest priority. "But one thing seems clearer than ever," she said, "and that is, all the records will only be broken by women who have developed their speed on the track." As proof, she turned to the second-placer, Smith, who had run 49:01 and is a fine track racer. (In 1980 she ran a 4:32 mile; in 1981, a half-mile in 2:03.8.) "Well, it's just common sense," said Smith. "If you have to go through the first mile in five minutes and

your PR is 4:55, you're going to be a bit uncomfortable."

Musyoki's comfort never seemed in doubt. "No, I felt good. I liked the course, it being flat all the way," he said. Musyoki, 25, has a couple of years of study left before he'll get his degree in business administration at UTEP, though his athletic eligibility has run out. He was the 1981 NCAA cross-country runner-up to teammate Matthews Motshwarau of Botswana. Also on that team were Gabriel Kamau of Kenya and Gidamis Shabanga of Tanzania. "They are at other races this weekend," said Musyoki. "Indoors." Here Musyoki, a temperate man, permitted himself a great white smile of enthusiasm. "You know, if they had all been here, it really would've been a hell of a race."

At the end, the race ceremonies did slide toward the revelry Gasparilla is allegedly known for. The parades began. The hotels began filling up with booming conventioners. Departing the post-race banquet, a group of runners met tipsy pirates in the streets. "Now two days of pure party!" howled one. It brought back the memory of what Meyer had said the evening before, a remark that now seemed to capture the difference between athletes and pirates. "The only way to the party," he had said, not at all ruefully, "is through the race." **END**

One Mahre Time For America



The amazing U.S. skiers carved up the world Alpine championships, winning five medals, including a gold by Steve—yes, Steve—Mahre
by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

Ski racing's white circus completed its 26th biennial world-championship show last week on the steep slopes above Schladming and Haus, a pair of rustic villages tucked together in the Dachstein-Tauern region of Austria where the fragrance of street-side cow barns mixes interestingly with the exhaust of tourist buses. It took 12 long, sometimes tedious, days to finish the whole program, and they were filled with the most extreme weather the Alps can produce—deep fog and deep snow followed by a deluge of rain, followed by a glorious siege of bright skies and bitter cold that turned racecourses as hard and abrasive as stone. Yet, after the troupe pulled up its slalom stakes and moved on, there re-

mained a sense of surprise—even amazement—over what had taken place in that beautiful back valley of the Alps. For while this 1982 Fédération Internationale de Ski championship produced its quota of heroes and heroines and its usual share of high drama, there was one turn of events that no one had even remotely forecast: This event was, above all, an American triumph.

Yes, as wild and unlikely as it sounds, the U.S. won five medals—as many as Switzerland and more than France (two), more than Canada (two), more than the Soviet Union (zero) and, most notably, more than skiing's former superpower, Austria (three).

Of even greater gratification than the

cumulative triumphs were the individual victories. First and most delightful was the wholly unexpected feat of Steve Mahre, 24, the younger (by four minutes) and until now less renowned of the twins from White Pass, Wash. Steve stepped in where his fallen brother, Phil, had faltered, won the giant slalom and thereby got the first gold medal ever awarded an American male in a world-championship race.

Then there was the dark-eyed beauty from Sun Valley, Idaho, Christin Cooper, 22, who won an unmatched (for an American) three medals—none gold, alas—and underwent an instant nickname change from Coop to Super Coop. And how about Cindy Nelson, 26, known as Grandma because she's in her 11th and perhaps best ever season? Nelson won a silver medal in the downhill and was done out of another medal by the scoring system that's used in

Maive takes a gate on route to GS gold and the first world title for a U.S. male.

the FIS's weird new combination event.

Stirring though the Americans' performances were, the individual who dominated the 1982 championships was Erika Hess, 19, of Switzerland. With seeming effortlessness, she flowed down whatever kind of surface the fickle weather produced—including chemically created ersatz ice on a rain-drenched slope of slush—to win three gold medals, in the women's slalom, giant slalom and combined events.

As sweet-looking as a daisy but as sturdy as an oak, Hess was a ski-racing wunderkind who grew up on a farm with



15 cows and five brothers and sisters and quit school to ski full time when she was 15. At 17 she won a bronze medal in the slalom at Lake Placid and this year has won four of the seven World Cup slaloms for women. She's sassy and proud, and when someone suggested that she might want to emulate West Germany's Rosi Mittermaier, who won two golds and a silver in the 1976 Olympics, Hess said sharply, "Don't compare me with Rosi. I am Erika and I pay no attention to who was skiing two, four or six years ago." With the recent retirements of Annemarie Moser-Pröll and Marie-Theres Nadig, plus injuries to Hanni Wenzel, Hess seems ready to be fitted for the queen's crown. As U.S. Coach Tom Kelly says, "Hess is technically the best skier who has ever come along. She's a class above all other women."

Not so long ago one could say the same about the fabled Austrian ski team. No more. Even performing in their own mountains before whooping partisan crowds, the Austrians went day after day without a victory. Not until the men's downhill on the next to last day of the championships did their fortunes turn. It couldn't have come at a better time, because to Austrians a downhill championship is an amalgam of the World Series, Super Bowl, Kentucky Derby, Thrilla in Manila—you name it.

On the day of the race the pressure for

Hess, the white circus' star, got three golds: combined, slalom and GS (below).



Downhiller Weirather gave Austria a lift.

gold was immense, and a bellowing throng of 55,000, flushed with schnapps and high hopes, carpeted the slopes along the 3,401-meter course. The man they looked to to save the nation's face was the one they call Kaiser Franz—Franz Klammer, the 1976 Olympic hero. Though Klammer had fallen on hard times in recent years (he didn't even make the 1980 Olympic team), he had finally won a World Cup downhill in December, and now his country wanted nothing more than for him to rekindle the fires of patriotism that he had lighted for them six years ago. It was not to be. The Kaiser, dashing and reckless as always, took a nasty spill at 70 mph on his last training run and badly bruised a rib. He raced with great courage anyway and finished seventh, but this wasn't enough for the victory-famished Austrians.

They finally got satisfaction from a wry Tyrolean named Hansi Weirather, 24, winner of last year's World Cup downhill title. This cool daredevil started 11th, the next to the last Austrian hope in the field, and swept to victory. "The pressure was terrible. I felt I had to win

continued

or it would be a great tragedy," he said. True enough. After Weirather's triumph, one spectator intoned to his companion, "This has lifted a deep shadow from the soul of Austria." No one was more aware of that shadow than Karl (Downhill Chieft) Kahr, head Austrian coach and the No. 1 citizen of Schladming. "You can do anything in Austria except lose the downhill," he said. "If Hartl hadn't won today, those 55,000 would have torn my house to pieces."

Another Austrian, Erwin Resch, got the bronze in the downhill, and the host country's third medal was a bronze won by Anton Steiner in the new combined event. Concocted by the FIS's heavy indoor thinkers, the new combination involves participation in a special downhill and special slalom held separately from other events. It eliminates the old combined awards, given to the racers who did best in the three "real" races. The idea was met with both ridicule and anger by competitors. Phil Mahre, the best combined skier on the World Cup circuit, refused to enter the new event. Even the man who won the combined gold medal, a certified mediocrity named Michel Vion of France, said of the event, "C'est stupide."

And nothing was *plus stupide* than the scoring system for the combined, which, absurdly, gave more weight to the slalom than the downhill. Witness Nelson, who finished second in the downhill and sixth in the slalom, and Cooper, who finished second in the slalom and 21st in the downhill. Yet Cooper won the combined bronze; Nelson was fourth.

However cut-rate Cooper's combined medal might have been, the pair of silvers she got in the slalom and giant slalom bore no tarnish. And winning these was as surprising and delightful as Steve Mahre's winning the gold. For, until a scant four days before the championships began, Cooper had never won a World Cup race, despite six seasons of trying. Then, on Jan. 23 in Berchtesgaden, she got a slalom victory and became one of only three women to beat Hess in that event this season.

She did it despite a fractured rib she had suffered early in January. Although to others her recent successes seem sudden and surprising, to Super Coop they are thoroughly logical. "After I got the silver in the GS, I expected to win a gold in the slalom, she says. "In the start, I



Nelson has a score to settle in the combined, but things added up for her in the downhill.

decided I was going to win or I was going to eat it trying. Then I made too many mistakes in the first run. Frankly, it took a while to be happy with the silver."

On the other hand, Nelson, who finished second behind Canada's Gerry Sorensen in the downhill, found her silver medal satisfying. Nelson was as effervescent as champagne when she discussed her run, saying, "This race was the best I ever skied. In fact, I also made the best single turn I've ever done. It was a dip turn that went left, then right, through a compression. When I did it, I thought wow! And I just wanted to stop and savor the moment."

Steve Mahre had wanted to stop and savor a moment back in the state of Washington, but the World Cup tour had beckoned. On Dec. 29 in Yakima, his wife, Debbie, had given birth to their first baby, Ginger. Mother and daughter were doing fine when they came home on New Year's Eve. But Steve had to leave for Europe on Jan. 3. At Schladming he said, "This trip has turned out to be the worst ever. Not knowing how things were going for Debbie and the baby really bothered me. Riding up on the lift, I'd wonder what was going on at home. I'd wish I hadn't left them. I was writing every night. I was calling once a

week. Once, in the middle of January, I phoned her, and she said that if she could have called me a couple of days earlier, she would have told me to come home. I would have gone in a flash."

Steve was also recovering from surgery to both knees that had been performed on Dec. 19. His long history of knee trouble dates back to the days when he and Phil raced dirt bikes. Early in December, Steve had taken a bad fall in France and developed a "catching sensation" in his right knee. His left knee already tended to swell and give him pain.

During the Christmas break from the World Cup tour, he turned himself in to Dr. Dick Steadman, the U.S. Ski Team's miracle-working orthopedist, who in 1979 rebuilt Phil's terribly smashed left ankle with plates and screws. It was a repair job so perfect that Phil has since won a silver medal in the 1980 Olympic slalom, last year's overall World Cup and this year's overall World Cup, which he wrapped up on Jan. 23—earlier than anyone in history—with a slalom victory at Wengen, Switzerland.

Steadman did delicate arthroscopic surgery on Steve's knees. He removed cartilage from the left and then slipped the right kneecap into a slightly different position by cutting a bit from the bands that line the joint. Both operations were considered minor. Nevertheless, the night after the surgery Steadman bolted awake in the dark and thought, "Good God, what have I done? I've just operated on that boy's knees with only six weeks to go before the world championships." Of course, in the clear light of day, Steadman was certain that all was well. He told Steve, "Those are now gold-medal knees."

On the day of the giant slalom, the twins arose as usual in the morning moonlight, breakfasted and went up the mountain above Schlading with U.S. Men's Coach Konrad Rickenbach. They took five intense runs on a training course and then went down.

The championship course was very steep and hard as iron. Steve started fourth in the first run, ran a superb line down the course and finished in 1:21.32. Sweden's vaunted Ingemar Stenmark ran seventh. He had experienced some trouble with the edges on his favorite GS skis and came in a whopping 1.37 seconds behind Steve. Phil started 13th, and the crowd that thronged the fences along the

course grew tense with anticipation. The letdown came almost immediately: Phil skied off the course after no more than 10 seconds. "It was a mistake you make once in two thousand races," he said. "I got locked into a lefthand turn and I couldn't transfer my weight to the other ski. On the TV tape it looks as if I might have crossed my tails."

So it was up to Steve. Despite his wide lead over Stenmark, there was reason for concern. Steve had never won a World Cup giant slalom; Stenmark had won the World Cup giant slalom title five of the past six years.

For the second run Stenmark had changed skis and clocked a superlative 1:16.62. Phil had studied Stenmark's run on TV in a room just beyond the finish area and he spoke rapidly into a walkie-talkie to Steve up at the start. "I told him that the course looked a little rounder than the first run," Phil said, "but I said he should continue to be real aggressive and go to the gates."

Steve got in trouble early in the run, hitting the fifth gate too straight and falling badly off line. It took him several gates to get back on course. "I figured with the mistakes I was making, I'd be lucky to get third," he said later. Then he picked up the rhythm of the run and, as Phil put it, "nailed the bottom half of the course just as well as he did on the first run." Steve was .86 slower than Stenmark in the second run but his wide early lead held, and America's first men's gold medal was his.

No sooner had he skidded to a stop at the finish than Steve removed his skis, and flashing the Mahres' trademark sunburst smile, he pointed meaningfully at them. Students of ski commerce, cynics all, assumed he was indicating the logo on his K2 skis. But neither commerce nor cynicism is part of the Mahre twins' baggage. The object of the gesture was a small strip of tape printed with black letters that spelled GINGER 1. (And K2. Get it?) "When I won a race in Cortina in December," Steve said, "I told myself at the start, 'Let me have one for Debbie.' This time I said, 'Give me this one for Ginger.'"

The last event of the championships was the men's special slalom, and there was every reason to hope, even to assume, that the American medal total would grow. But not this year. The Mahre twins both blew gates on the

course, Steve in his first run and Phil in his second. That left the mountainside wide open for Stenmark, who swooped down in typically grand fashion to win



Super Coop was no chicken at the worlds.

the gold medal. For once, the stony Swede responded to victory with visible—for him, almost violent—elation, waving his fists and shaking his skis joyfully. It was an oddly uplifting sight and added its happy note to an American week in a back valley of the Alps. **END**

Simply Simons At The Crosby

Playing in pain, with an ever-so-conventional white ball, Jim Simons shot a record score to overcome Craig Stadler's lead by **DAN JENKINS**

There was some evidence at the Bing Crosby National Pro-Am last week that professional golf might be headed for the boutiques as a kind of traveling arts and handcraft exhibit. Out there on the Monterey Peninsula at what is the biggest and most important event of the winter, a lot of golf balls were dressed louder than the players, and they kept making these orange and lime-green streaks through the air. And then Jim Simons, the man who eventually won the tournament with a dramatic surge in the late-going Sunday afternoon, began showing everyone up with a trusty little driver and a three-wood made out of oyster-colored metal. Next: Jack Nicklaus lip gloss for talking to putts that won't drop.

The 41st annual Crosby was quite a competition despite the interior decorating jokes and despite the fact that it looked like no tournament at all with only 11 holes left to play. This was the point at which the beefy and often irate Craig (Walrus) Stadler—no designer, he—led the quiet Simons and everybody else by five strokes.

The only question then seemed to be whether anything would be left of the Pebble Beach course when Stadler got through chewing on it. He had taken command of the tournament on Saturday by plowing under Cypress Point with a 64, and through the first seven holes at Pebble on Sunday he was five under for the day and making it suddenly seem as if the USGA had made a horrible mistake in scheduling this June's U.S. Open there.

Stadler, however, is a long-hitting golfer who is big on smoldering tantrums, and his game can suddenly go bad. This doesn't normally happen to him in the middle of a round, however. He's a dependable front-runner and had already won the Tucson Open this year. But Pebble Beach, which had been disarmed by glorious weather all week and

was playing rather easily, got in a couple of counterpunches against Stadler at a time when Simons was slowly and quietly working his way toward a round of 66.

Stadler gave Simons a glimmer of hope by hooking his drive into a fairway bunker and then stumbling to a double bogey on the 9th hole, one of those splendid par fours that sits out there on Abalone Bluff, which is the Amen Corner of Pebble Beach. There was then a birdie-bogey swing between the two men at the 14th hole, and that brought Simons from one behind to one ahead, and seemed to promise a finish tighter than the waist on Stadler's trousers.

The whole thing was finally settled on the scenic par-3 17th when Stadler, using

The Crosby's spectacular settings, like the 16th at Cypress Point, soothed Simons (right) but didn't keep Stadler cool.



a four-iron off the tee, hit another hook, this one almost going into a gift shop in downtown Carmel, and Simons nailed a three-iron that almost went into the hole.

Before he hit, Simons didn't know exactly where Stadler's ball had wound up, which was down in an unplayable lie on the rocks near the ocean. Simons sized up his shot as a three-iron all by himself "Craig's intimidating because he's so long," said Simons later. "There's no point in my looking in his bag to see what clubs he uses."

Stadler put a terrible swing on the shot that brought him to ruin. It was sort of a violent gouge, and his hand came off the club on the follow-through. Right

away he knew it was a goner, and he muttered one of those phrases of his that you'd never come across in children's literature. Afterward, the Walrus tried to explain what he had done to the shot. "I double-crossed it," he said.

Stadler did a good job of not biting off the handle of his club, and after taking a one-stroke penalty drop, he did an even better job of salvaging a bogey 4. But it would do him no good because Simons sank his 6-foot birdie putt, and the tournament was history. With a two-stroke lead, Simons safely parred the 18th for his record-setting total of 274, which was 14 under par for the two rounds on Pebble Beach plus one round each played at

Cypress Point and at Spyglass Hill.

If this was the boutique Crosby, it was probably fitting that Simons wound up being the winner because he is—seriously, folks—legally blind. Simons is now in what you call a "piggyback" situation in which he has to wear two contacts—a soft one and a hard one—in his left eye. (The vision in his right eye is still being corrected by a single lens.) Somehow, during the tournament, the soft contact, the inner lens on his left cornea, had dried out, preventing oxygen from reaching the eye. The condition was very painful. Nor was his frame of mind improved by the misery caused by tendinitis in his left shoulder.

continued



On Saturday night, before the final round, Simons spoke to three doctors. He had finished his third round 71 at Spyglass with literally only one eye, because he had been forced to remove both contacts from the left eye to ease the pain. He used eyedrops all through the



As far as Nicklaus knows, his ball is pure.

night, and between shots on Sunday, when the overcast mercifully dimmed the sun, he put on a pair of dark glasses.

Simons has had a reputation for being a slow player. He has speeded up some over the past two or three years, but he still can stand over a putt so long the gallery will be on the verge of screaming. Well, if a man can't see...

Simons hasn't had any outrageous success on the tour. This Crosby was only his third tour victory in 11 years. For this reason he recently had become a stockbroker for Shearson-American Express. "I was obviously planning for a different future," he said.

As a golfer, Simons has a stylish swing, but he has always been a woefully short hitter. In length off the tee, he is in the bottom 5% on the TPA tour. This led him to try the weird-looking metal woods. He insists they have added 15 to 20 yards to his distance.

What the orange and lime-green balls

are going to add to the game can only be answered by Calvin Klein.

Designer golf balls have been used on the pro tour for a while but nobody paid much attention to them until the first round of the Crosby. That was because a lime-green ball wound up tied for the lead and an orange ball flew into the cup for a hole in one on the most frequently water-colored par 3 in golf, the 16th at Cypress Point.

The lime-green ball belonged to Bruce Lietzke. He shot a six-under 66 with it at Pebble and shared the opening-day lead with Forrest Fezler, who was playing at Cypress. The man who got the ink at Cy-



Blimey, Lietzke blew this lime-green putt.

press that day, however, was Jerry Pate, one of the finest shotmakers in the game. He has had two victories in majors, the U.S. Open and Amateur, but he's more widely known for having dived into a Colonial Country Club lake after winning at Memphis last year.

Pate was the guy who sent a one-iron cut over the water and then drew it back

onto the green and into the cup for an ace on a hole that is generally considered to be a par 3½ because of its length—233 yards—and difficulty. An ace on the fa-



His ace aside, Pate's orange was a lemon.

bled 16th at Cypress would be considered a rare deed with any kind of ball. There had been only three of them, and one of them was made by Bing Crosby. Pate's was the first in tournament competition, and his was obviously also the first with an orange ball.

Pate is under contract to Wilson, and he was first approached by the company about using a boutique golf ball several years ago, the theory being that perhaps a colored ball, as in tennis, might be easier to see, to track in flight. Optic Orange was the color Wilson had in mind. Pate said he would use a polka-dot ball for the right amount of money. The ball was ap-

Kathryn Crosby, in one of Bing's hats, was the hostess with the bestest in weather.



This is one trap Gerald Ford did get out of.

proved by the USGA last fall in the middle of the Pensacola Open, which Pate happened to be leading. He thought about switching on that Saturday in Florida, but decided against it. "If I blow this tournament using an orange ball, the press will crucify me," he said at the time.

Pate won at Pensacola with the commonplace white ball and then changed to

the orange. He finished on 1981 by tying for second and third in a couple of tournaments in Japan and coming in third in an event in Brazil. Before Pensacola, Pate had used the Optic Orange during practice for the Ryder Cup Matches at Walton Heath near London.

"All I got was heat," Pate said after his ace, recalling the teasing he got in England from his teammates. "I said then that there wouldn't be a white ball left on the tour in five years. Now I make a hole in one at Cypress and I read in the paper where Nicklaus says that!"

Nicklaus did in fact mention that the Easter-egg balls have some virtue. He said he might consider using a Safety Yellow if MacGregor invents it. It would tie in with his Golden Bear logo. It probably shouldn't matter which shade of ball Nicklaus uses, he is, after all, color blind. As he says, greens are grays to him.

Naturally, everybody at the Crosby was asked about the funny balls. Tom Watson said he would consider using a non-white because he is nearsighted and it might be easier for him to follow a shot, but his wife, Linda, promptly said, "I hope Tom will never use a colored ball. A white ball is part of the game's tradition." Watson's manufacturer, Ram, already markets an orange and a lime ball, as well as a bright pink one.

Curiously, about 20 pros on the men's tour are using the oranges and limes, but

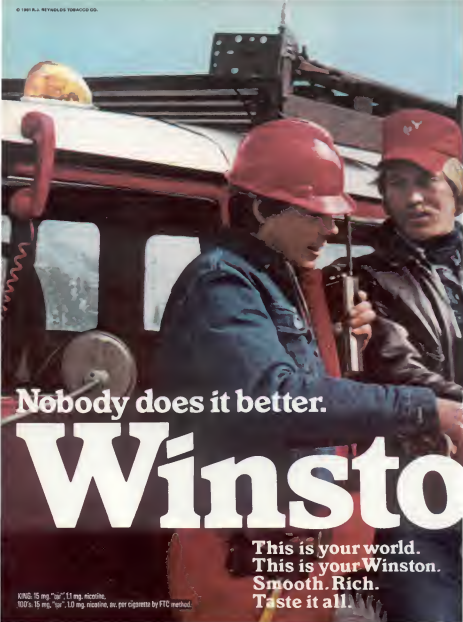
only one competitor, Kathy Whitworth, is using a colored ball, the orange. Wilson, on the LPGA circuit, where one would think pastels would be in vogue.

The colored balls finally disappeared from the Crosby like Christmas tree decorations in January. Lietzke's lime, a PGA Tracer, didn't glow too vividly on Saturday at Spyglass Hill, where his 79 put him out of the chase. And Pate's hole in one did little for his scoring. His orange rounds of 74, 73, 74 weren't good enough to make the 54-hole cut.

Apart from the esthetics, there's another drawback to the colored balls. They aren't all that easy to see on television, and TV is as important to the pro tour as caddies. The lime green is nearly invisible on the screen, and the orange is a color that "bleeds" for some technical reason and is therefore hard to see. A golf ball is difficult to see on television anyhow, so the networks may have more to say about the future of the designer ball than anyone else.

At the end of last week's Crosby, though, it was easy enough to see Stadler's golf ball gleaming whitely down there among the rocks below the 17th green at Pebble Beach. Traditionalists hate to see any kind of ball—even a white one—in such a terrible place. Considering the kind of week it was, the ball should have been, oh, grayish-brown, let's say—the color of a walrus. **END**





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Cummings' 24 points helped 20-1 DePaul squeeze past tenacious Marquette 67-66.

At home the telephone rings in Apartment 211, McCabe Hall. As always, Terry Cummings answers with this greeting: "Praise the Lord." On the basketball court for the DePaul Blue Demons, Cummings, as always, sets up along the foul line, holds his position steady as an oak, receives the pass and turns to shoot. Mark it down: two. In brief, the DePaul story this year is that Terry Cummings praises the Lord, and his teammates pass him the ammunition.

An ordained Pentecostal minister of the fundamentalist Church of God In Christ, Cummings has spread a new kind of gospel for 20-1 DePaul this winter in the form of dignity and serenity, not to mention points, rebounds and virtual domination of nearly all he has surveyed. The result is that his team has not merely endured the departure of All-America Mark Aguirre; it has rallied, prospered and, after two close, pulsating victories last week over St. Joseph's, 46-44 in overtime, and Marquette, 67-66, it seemed to be, why, born again as well.

"Now Terry's not perfect, understand; he's not an apostle or anything," says DePaul freshman Walter Downing, a Cummings basketball disciple. Yet Cummings has contrived to fashion about as perfect a season as anybody could want. A 22.2 points-per-game average and 11.7 rebounds. Team leadership in steals. A shooting percentage of 56.7. Moreover, Cummings is the absolute ruler of a team

The Best College Player Under 7'4"

Praise the Lord and pass the ball to Terry Cummings, who is DePaul's Ralph Sampson **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

that would be undefeated and most certainly No. 1, I were it not for an early California breakdown when the Blue Demons lost track of Cummings and lost a game to UCLA 87-75. It is his inopportune fortune that the path to glory and player-of-the-year honors for this 6'9", 223-pound forward/center Christian/gladuator should be overcast by the shadow of another Biblical (if in near name only) personage, Ralph Sampson of Virginia. For, verily, Cummings hath wrought a finer campaign.

It is one thing to be 7'4" or 7'8" or whatever the wondrous Sampson may be and to perform spectacularly on national TV while sometimes cruising in lesser games. It is quite another to work one's rear off, as well as everyone else's, oft-times playing out of natural position, and at the same time attempt to make over the attitude and image of an entire team. Sampson is the supreme college star; Cummings is both star and evangelist.

Who would have believed, for example, that cheeky, insolent DePaul, so long in the thrall of the loafing, whining pudge, Aguirre, would turn into a hustling, striving crew of joyful contributors? Who would have figured that the slothful, long-pampered Blue Demons would work diligently, respond to orders and get their act together? That they would be imbued with a sense of respect for the opponent? Who in his right mind would have imagined that Bernard (Dolph) Randolph—who is greeted at the Rosemont Horizon arena by the theme song from *Flipper*—would take off his woollen knit cap and Walkman earphones long enough to listen to Coach Ray Meyer at shooting practice?

If anyone honestly presumed that without Aguirre (now of the Dallas Mavericks) or the backcourt generalship of Clyde Braddshaw (briefly with Atlanta), DePaul would be once-beaten and ranked No. 2 in the SI poll and would have accomplished all this with grace and conscientiousness, let him take a bow. Overnight the distinguished Rev. Cummings, who is alone responsible for the change, has transformed the DePaul character from Fat Albert to Prince Albert. "I owe Terry a lot. He makes practice interesting and coaching fun," says Meyer. "Terry Cummings has made us a college team again."

DePaul may be an even better team than the previous two editions, which struggled to stay interested during 26-1 and 27-1 regular seasons only to flop in the first round of the NCAA tournament. Asked to evaluate Cummings' abilities vis-à-vis Aguirre's, an NBA scout said last week that as terrific a player as Aguirre was and will be—he has been out of the Maverick lineup for two months, having broken the little toe on his right foot—Cummings makes a team just as good "and a lot happier."

Only recently Cummings himself suggested to Aguirre that his older friend had wasted a year, that he should have turned pro after his sophomore season. "All the players complained because Mark was dominating the ball," Cummings says, "but he was just getting shots that were his anyway because it was so easy for him. He outgrew the game, there was no competition for him. This wasn't a coachable atmosphere. I know it was a waste of my time. I was confused about my position and my place, more depressed than anything. It's hard for me to be anything but a leader."

A leader? The face is the tip-off. Cummings is stern, elegant, proud. The high cheekbones, strong jaw and slit eyes in an expressionless countenance give him

the look of some magnificent Indian warrior—Tecumseh, perhaps.

Cummings is married and the father of Robert Tyrell Cummings II; his wife, Vonne, is a receptionist in the DePaul athletic offices. Cummings teaches a Bible class at DePaul. Some Sunday nights he preaches at the Starks Temple on Chicago's South Side. In the off-season he holds revival meetings replete with charismatic healing.

Last week Cummings' powerful bass rang out through a vast conference room on campus in learned explanation of demonology (no kin to Blue Demonology). In the Bible class a circle of fellow born-again Christians joined hands. Then Cummings quoted from Acts and prayed. "Stay with those out on the deep end, Lord. They are shirking responsibility..."

If Cummings had a single resentful bone in his body, he might have felt slighted by the anonymity he endured during the Aguirre days. Instead, he found solace in prayer and preaching and, not incidentally, in the development of his rippling torso. Last summer he ravaged a Chicago playground league and refined his jump shot from 10 feet and beyond.

Before this rededication, *continued*

When Cummings goes to the stained glass, he's after something more than rebounds.





An ordained minister, Cummings conducts a Bible study group with fellow students.

TERRY CUMMINGS *continued*

Cummings was so frustrated as to consider leaving DePaul for full-time service in the ministry. The wrinkled Meyer, rosary clicking in his pocket, reminded Cummings that he was quite religious himself and guaranteed the player he could comfortably combine good works and good rebounding. ("Both are desire," Meyer says.) So long, of course, as God didn't go into overtime and oblige Cummings to miss daily practices.

DePaul Assistant Coach Joey Meyer says that a comparison of last year's films with this year's shows an enormous change in Cummings. "A totally different player—totally," says Meyer. His. "It's like the chains have been broken. Terry's so much better, it's scary."

After averaging 14.2 points and 9.4 rebounds as a freshman, Cummings was rigid, stiff, mechanical as a sophomore. He played tentatively, wondering what Aguirre would do next, and his averages slipped to 13.3 and 9.1. Critics questioned Cummings' lateral reactions, his ability to guard people out on the floor. He never got into the rhythm of the season; once he cost DePaul a game by donating an in-bounds pass to Old Dominion, which led to the Demons' only regular-season loss. Cummings' weight dropped from 223 to 205, leaving him weak and vulnerable in the stretch run.

This time around, as co-captain and main cog, Cummings has been loose, relaxed, more fluid. He's been confidently burying that sudden, turnaround J com-

ing from somewhere behind his collarbone, and if it happens to miss, he has been known to clear the glass and ram the ball home. Surely he is the quickest, best offensive rebounder anywhere—"I marvel at Terry on the offensive boards," the elder Meyer says—and he effectively covers opponents defensively with sometimes no more than a withering glare. The best thing about his play, however, may be that the Cummings of big games—volunteering for dirty work, accomplishing important little things, bucking up his youthful confreres and contributing solid effort every solid minute—is precisely the Terry Cummings of daily practices.

"No matter what has happened, Terry always has played hard," Joey Meyer says. "Before, he couldn't take over this team because he couldn't dominate Mark. But his leadership was always just below the surface. Now he thrives on it. He's inspired by it. He's the Man."

The Blue Demons' other co-captain, Skip Dillard, best explains this in the vernacular: "When you the Man, you have the say-so about what you do and when you do it and you get no argument," Dillard says. "When you the Man, you can be in a slump and still take the 10 extra jumpers and get back on your game and nobody says nothing. It's a confidence builder, a big booster, when you the Man."

If he wasn't the Man before, with his 23 points and 19 rebounds against Purdue or his yeoman work (20 and 12) in the UCLA defeat, Cummings achieved

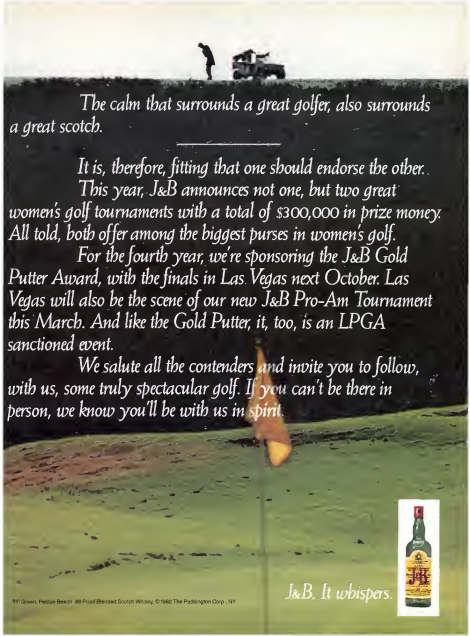
the office against Louisville on Dec. 26. DePaul was searching for a hook to hang its confidence on when the Cardinals ran up a 33-29 halftime lead. Then Cummings took over. Majestically rising above the crowd, he kept applying in-their-facial massages to all those flapping Cardinal leapers: he made seven of eight field goals and nine of 10 free throws in the second half and finished with 37 points and 19 rebounds in a 75-68 DePaul victory. And he played the final 7:57 with four fouls.

If Cummings is Achilles and fouling is his heel, he copes. Against Syracuse, he picked up his fourth with 1:13 left in the first half; he sat out exactly 1:06. Seven seconds remained in the half when Meyer put Cummings back in to take the last shot. "You can't do this," Joey Meyer screamed at his father. "Yes I can," said the old man, literally shoving his kid aside. Well, it was Dillard who fired, and he missed, but no matter. Cummings stayed in the game the entire second half, scored seven more baskets, finished with 22 points and DePaul won 92-87. "If we're going to finally win this thing [the NCAA], Terry has to learn to play with four fouls," Ray Meyer says.

In a sport of shuck 'n' jive temperamentalists, Cummings is a placid, button-down guy. Amid a cast of enough adolescent, headphone-wearing rock 'n' boppers to stage a Sony dribbling commercial, Cummings listens to "progressive Gospel music" (The Winans, Andre Crouch) and gives the baby his bottle. Cummings knows all about family, being the fifth of 13 children born to John and Berda Cummings. His father, a city maintenance employee, moved the family from Hammond, Ind. to Chicago when Terry was an infant, and he grew up playing in what the kids called "Little City," which was an area just below what is now Skip Dillard's dormitory room.

After his family crossed town to the South Side, Cummings played ball at Carver High. One day Cummings met a boy named McFadden. McFadden went around school saying, "Jesus loves you." Cummings told McFadden he knew that. But Cummings really didn't know, and it ate away within him. At 16 Cummings' life became chaotic; he skipped classes, was difficult with his family, baited referees, got kicked out of games, used profanity, and impregnated a young girl.

continued



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Back in Hammond in his grandmother's house, he discovered salvation one summer moon following a dream in which God arrived on earth to collect His chosen ones. "Take me, I'm yours," Cummings shouted in his sleep. But Cummings was left behind. At dawn a ray of light shone into the room, and when Cummings awoke and saw it, he says, his life was changed forever. "I know it sounds weird, but the Lord talks to me a lot," Cummings says. "In games, in practice, class. He's why I'm here, I had decided to go to Iowa, but the Lord said DePaul."

Traditional Catholics might have a difficult time dealing with this tale, but it is to the credit of both Cummings and DePaul that new religion and old can commingle with humor and respect. In response to the story of the Lord's recruitment of Cummings, Joey Meyer says, "Terrific. I'll have to send Him a thank-you note," Cummings once inquired of the younger Meyer if he had to use bad language, yet Cummings has become conditioned to teammates' locker-room blasphemy and now he merely ignores it. Cummings did, however, put his foot down when DePaul P.A. announcer Jim Riebandt asked if he might call him "Rev." in the introductions. "Too many people play with that sort of thing," Cummings says.

Determined. Courageous. Intimidat-

ing. Cummings has been all of these in his walk away from the wild side. "This kid carried his Bible around in high school. In the ghetto," says a local Baptist minister. "A kid does that, you don't question his sincerity, you give him three days to live. At DePaul Terry was vocal and didn't back down. 'Yeah, guys, Jesus did it for me.' He sang in a black choir. But it's lonely out there. Those basketball dudes were cold!"

Cummings claims his awkward reception at DePaul was a result of the fact that he was a rookie and not because he was into religion. Surely nobody was about to test this monstrously strong choirboy over any supposed pacifistic leanings. Cummings has never squared off to fight anyone, but after Missouri's Steve Stipanovich elbowed him in the nose in their freshman season, Cummings grabbed him by the shoulders and heaved him to the floor. "He made me mad enough to drive him into the stands," says Cummings. "I deserved the foul. After the game I asked the Lord to forgive me."

"T.C. shows an arrogance even when he's turning the other cheek," says Dilard. "Can you believe anybody would mess with him? The man's got muscles popping out of his eyelashes."

It is hard to imagine that Cummings once wasn't in the DePaul plans. His astounding progress is better perceived

when set against the sad story of Teddy Grubbs, a more publicized and sought-after Chicago high school flash who entered DePaul with Cummings, replaced him in the first half of their fourth varsity game and proceeded to score 28 points as the Blue Demons beat UCLA. "I don't know who's gonna sit, Teddy or somebody else," Cummings told Ray Meyer after that game, "but I'm gonna play." Three games later Cummings scored 31 points and had 20 rebounds against Loyola. Grubbs's stardom immediately faded. Moreover, as Cummings flourished, Grubbs's career has spiraled downward to the point where, plagued by personal problems, he has not appeared at practice or in a game since Feb. 2 and is reportedly receiving psychiatric treatment.

This DePaul family tragedy momentarily was put aside last week as the Blue Demons, struggling off what appeared to be early signs of their annual NCAA tournament panic, barely beat two of their Catholic school brethren. In both cases—Cummings being Cummings—divine intervention may also have occurred.

At home against its NCAA conqueror of last season, St. Joe's, DePaul was outplayed and outfoxed again until a Big Ten referee whistled Hawk hero Brian Warren out of the game (on two fouls 35 seconds apart) with 2:11 to go in regulation. Cummings won that one in overtime by lunging after a DePaul air-ball shot with two seconds to go and powering it in at the buzzer. On Saturday the Warriors of Marquette held Cummings scoreless from the field in the first half and rolled everything at him but the city's snowplows in the second. Cummings won this one by making five baskets and 14 of 14 free throws for 24 points as DePaul staggered to another blowout.

"All those prayers did it for you, right, Terry?" DePaul Assistant Coach Ken Sarabbi joked in the locker room. Cummings had been bruised, battered, beaten up; he had been hit with a roll of toilet paper thrown from the stands. Composed, at peace, he never batted a muscular eyelash.

"I don't react to all this petty stuff," Cummings said. "I just tell myself who I am and who I represent. I play in the name of Jesus and I want people to remember that." Terry Cummings figures he knows who the Man really is. **END**

Cummings' wife, Vonne, and son, Robert, are two treasures in his well-ordered life.



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Stan the Fran, free Spirit

With an outspoken Pole, Stan Terlecki, reborn Pittsburgh leads the MISL

by Bruce Anderson



In a 6-5 win over Wichita, Terlecki used his head and his feet and scored four times

Stanislaw Terlecki was thawing out over lunch after a recent morning practice with the Pittsburgh Spirit. The team practices at the Lake View Ice Palace, accent on the ice, a facility more suited for hanging meat than working out for a Major Indoor Soccer League game. Terlecki, a star for years with the Polish national team and now the MISL's No. 2 scorer, warmed up when the conversation turned to Eastern-bloc politics. He had a Russian joke to tell.

Did you hear about Brezhnev calling all the top Soviet scientists together, Terlecki asked, and telling them how disappointed he was that the U.S. had beaten Russia to the moon? He proposed that the U.S.S.R. land a cosmonaut on the sun. One scientist had to tell Brezhnev that this was impossible because of the sun's great heat. His boyish face beaming, Terlecki looked around the table to make sure everyone was ready for the

punchline: "No problem," Brezhnev says, "we will land at night." Terlecki roared, and the group spent another 15 minutes cracking Brezhnev jokes. By the time the check finally arrived, everyone had defrosted.

Terlecki admitted that telling such jokes will probably cause him trouble, but he's used to trouble. He outraged the Polish Soccer Federation by jumping teams in 1975 and, later, by arranging for a meeting of the national team with Pope John Paul II when the team was in Rome in 1980. He was the bread-and-butter man during student strikes in Lodz in 1981, using his connections to get food by the carload for university students. And twice he was suspended by the federation—the first time for six months, then for a year—for trying to form a players' union.

His year's suspension expired in December, but by that time he had aban-

doned Poland for Pittsburgh and a new career with the Spirit. The 26-year-old forward, who before the Spirit's first game of the season had never played a serious game of indoor soccer in his life, has scored 37 goals and 24 assists and trails only the New York Arrows' designated offense, Steve Zangul, in the league scoring race.

More important, he has given new spirit to the Spirit, which shut down all last season while the ownership tried to strengthen its financial position. The team was finally sold to The Edward J. DeBartolo Corp., principal lessors of the Pittsburgh Civic Arena and also owners of the NHL's Pittsburgh Penguins. DeBartolo's son, Edward Jr., is the owner of the Super Bowl champion San Francisco 49ers. When DeBartolo Sr. acquired the Spirit, he hired a new front office, General Manager Chris Wright and Coach John Kowalski brought in 14 new players, most of them foreign. A list of the players' birthplaces reads like Pitless Fogg's itinerary, ranging from Budapest to São Paulo, Pretoria to Latrobe, Pa.

Surprisingly, this agglomeration of strangers has achieved a 15-5 record. No one is more responsible than Terlecki, who introduced himself to Spirit fans back in November by having a hand in every Pittsburgh score—four goals and two assists—on a 6-5 home-opener defeat of Philadelphia. He has scored eight hat tricks, despite being double-teamed regularly, and the team has emerged as a threat to the Arrows, the only champion the 4-year-old league has known. (At week's end the Spirit was leading its division, New York was third.)

The 5' 8", 155-pound Terlecki looks like an athletic mutant. He has the upper body of a swimmer welded to the legs of a sprinter, with flaring shoulders, a flat stomach, tapering torso and oversized quadriceps. Terlecki is fast, a deft dribbler and has a powerful shot, delivered with either foot from a short windup that baffles his teammates. "His leg movement is maybe a quarter of mine," says forward Paul Child. "It's like a metal

leaf spring when you pull it back and let it go. 'Poing' It's that quick."

Forward Graham Fyfe tagged Terlecki Stan the Fran—as in franchise. Stan the Fran met Stan the Man before a game with the Steamers in St. Louis. Muskat, the president of the Steamers, requested the meeting and greeted Terlecki in Polish: "Mocny człowiek [strong man]." Terlecki was delighted.

The Man. The Pope. Terlecki has made lots of connections. He used some of them to get visas for himself and his family to come to the U.S. "It was one of the best moments in my life," he said of the time when he had the exit visas safely in his possession. "I felt like you do after 10 beers... maybe 20 beers."

But life isn't always a 10-beer hum for Terlecki.

Fourteen months ago he was brought to an enormous Warsaw hall to face a Polish Soccer Federation tribunal that wanted to know about a letter he and 16 other members of the national team had signed declaring their intent to form a players' union. Terlecki entered the hall ready for what he calls a bit of "Polish theater."

Armed only with a microphone and a wit as quick and nimble as his size-6½ feet, he began by blowing into the mike two or three times. "One, two, three, four, five, six," he patiently counted in Polish. "Is everybody here?"

Terlecki would be one of just four players not to disavow the letter, much of which he had written. He recalls that part of the questioning went like this:

Q—What time did you leave the hotel?

A—Eight o'clock.

Q—Are you sure it was eight o'clock? Are you sure it wasn't 8:02?

A—No. Maybe it was even 8:03. I don't know this time exactly, because I have one of your Russian watches.

Laughter muffled the calls for order.

"For me, the most important thing is to be free," Terlecki says today. "I decided to be a teacher 10 years ago. In Poland, I must be a teacher forever. Here I can be a soccer player one year, a singer the next year. I can write in a newspaper another year, or maybe one year I am worker in factory."

"Reagan was an actor before he was President," Terlecki added. "In Poland, it is unbelievable."

Terlecki lives in The Mews, a condo-

minium complex in the Pittsburgh suburb of North Hills, with his wife, Ewa, and their two sons, Tomasz, 6, and Maciej, 4. Life in the Terlecki house seems to revolve around the TV, where Ewa and the boys watch *Scooby Doo*, *Tom and Jerry* and *The Addams Family*, keeping themselves entertained and trying to learn a little English.

Stan and Ewa haven't heard from their families since martial law was declared in Poland on Dec. 13. Stan is particularly concerned on two accounts: His parents are both university professors and members of the intelligentsia, and his father recently suffered his second heart attack. Yet it is Ewa who is insistent about returning to Poland.

"I have a better situation here," Terlecki said, "but not my wife. Every day she repeats to me that she wants to go back to Poland." Ewa is flat-out homesick and misses her family. Terlecki shrugs. "Maybe after the Third War," he says.

Ewa was nervous about her husband's talking with a magazine writer. But trying to stop Terlecki from talking is a lot like trying to stop him from scoring.

"Many points of communism say everybody must be the same," Terlecki says. "Smart, gifted men work hard and only get small money, the same as a guy who didn't work so hard. In my mind, I am really good. I should get more than another guy who is not so good as I am."

Terlecki first came to the U.S. last June, with black-and-white glosses of himself in hand. He tried unsuccessfully to get a tryout with the Cosmos. Eventually, a friend told him about another team in the New York area, the Arrows, who played indoor soccer and were having summer workouts on Long Island. Terlecki practiced with them for two weeks before going to Belgium to work out with a soccer team there for the summer. When he returned to the U.S. with his family in October, however, it wasn't to play second fiddle to Zungul of the Arrows, but as the mascot of the revived Spirit. Coach Kowalski had sought him out.

That Terlecki is the star is to his taste; he has always been a striver. He earned a degree in history from the University of Lodz and thus became the first national team member to have graduated from a university in anything but physical education. On road trips, while his team-

mates read Polish sports magazines, Terlecki read *TIME* and *Newsweek*. "They said my nose was growing up," Terlecki says, lifting his nose into the air with his thumb and forefinger in the universal gesture of snobbery.

Still, he has close friends on the team and plans to meet them at the World Cup this summer in Spain, which he will attend as a spectator. After that, he says he will play outdoors for a team in the U.S. or Western Europe.

And he will augment his knowledge of a new love, American football, having found it an even more exciting game to watch than soccer, and he has been practicing placekicking with an eye to a possible tryout with the Steelers. "Maybe my children will play football," he says. To that end, he has given each of his sons a football helmet.

And it was a football game that brought Terlecki's most affecting moment in the U.S. "Before the Super Bowl, everyone is really feeling tremendous in the United States," he said. "I am watching on TV, and everybody in the stadium, thousands and thousands of people, was standing to ask for peace for Poland. That was unbelievable." END



In 1980, Terlecki kissed the Papal ring.



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HORSE RACING

A one-eyed colt may be king

by William Leggett

That's Cassalera, whose bold El Camino Real win may foreshadow roses

On rare occasions a horse race comes along that truly takes the breath away. When such a race occurs, even the videotape replays tend to confirm and reinforce what was seen originally. Often such a race involves a horse that has gotten itself into serious traffic problems, then extricates itself and then either wins or falls gallantly. Young horses encountering trouble in major stakes races seldom win because they are usually as green as AstroTurf. With that in mind, try to imagine a 3-year-old with only one eye in the most perilous of situations well inside with his "dead" eye closest to the rail.

The horse enters the stretch at Bay Meadows, near San Francisco, some 12 lengths behind the leader. A wall of horses lies ahead, stretched out across the track. Suddenly his jockey, Darrel McHargue, spots a crack of daylight and sends his mount, hoping to get through. But another horse, Speed Broker, begins to bear out and slams into the one-eyed horse on its blind side. For an instant it appears both will fall. The severe bump causes the one-eyed horse's head to twist wildly to the right. He's stopped.

But he isn't. He digs in. He gets fur-

ous. He hates every horse in the race and perhaps all those others that have ever run or eaten out of a bucket or drunk water from a pail. In the last two jumps he wins the race by half a length.

The one-eyed horse's name is Cassalera. Please remember it. Last Saturday he not only won the \$139,700 El Camino Real Derby at Bay Meadows, but also might well have run the bravest race seen in this country in a decade. Cassalera may not win this year's Kentucky Derby, or be named Horse of the Year come next December, but February belongs to him. Ron McAnally trains him and is one-fifth owner of the grotesquely named 20/20 Stable, whose one horse is Cassalera. McAnally also happens to train the best horse in the world, John Henry. After viewing the films of the El Camino Real, he said, "I don't believe what he overcame. He looks to me like a Kentucky Derby horse, but there's a long way to go."

Indeed there is. But that's what's intriguing about any 3-year-old season—which horses, owners, trainers and jockeys get on the big wheel rolling toward Louisville, how long they can stay on it and which ones spin out along the way.

Until very recently, a trip to Churchill Downs was earned in the Flamingo and Blue Grass Stakes, the Wood Memorial, and the Arkansas, Hollywood, Louisiana and Santa Anita Derbies. But in the past two years several rich and shiny new events have been added to the stepping-stone races. As yet many horsemen are still in the dark about them: the \$75,000-added Bowle Stakes, the \$100,000 H.T.S. Parade Derby at the Fair Grounds, the \$100,000 San Rafael at Santa Anita, the El Camino Real at Bay Meadows, the \$150,000 Jim Beam Spiral Stakes at Latonia.

Saturday's inaugural El Camino Real drew a field of nine starters, including two of the top money-winning 2-year-olds of 1981. Cassalera (\$234,070) and Tropic Ruler (\$374,440), otherwise known as the Arizona Traveler. As a 2-year-old Tropic Ruler roamed the land like Johnny Appleseed. He ran on nine different tracks, won 10 of 13 races and brought to light one of the best horsemen in the world, trainer Brooks Claridge. Claridge wears cowboy hats, talks slowly and says a lot while professing to say nothing whatsoever. Listen:

"How good is this horse?"

"Don't really know. I'm a country boy. I can't speak at dinners. I don't know language that well."

"In the Southwest they say you can train ivy to grow down a wall. Is that true?"

"Let me say only one thing. A man trains a horse and a man trains a man. They're nearly the same. If the horse is trained to the right pitch, so is the man. The man has trained both himself and the horse and the man is at the same pitch the horse is. The horse thinks it knows and the man knows, but the horse doesn't know what the man thinks he knows and the man doesn't know what the horse knows. So who knows?"

Who indeed?

In the El Camino Real, Claridge's horse ran a fine race, finishing third behind Cassalera and Crystal Star. You haven't seen the last of Tropic Ruler.

Cassalera completes the El Camino Real Derby, half a length ahead of Crystal Star.



He'll be back somewhere along the Triple Crown trail.

The El Camino Real was actually the second derby run this year, preceded by the \$113,800 Tropical Park Derby at Calder on the first Saturday in January. The Florida race is a curious one, both because it is contested at the very beginning of the year—right after 2-year-olds become 3-year-olds—and because of the conditions at Calder. The track is sand on top of an artificial surface. Horses that like Calder really like it; those that don't really don't. Getting a true picture of a horse's ability to handle other tracks is difficult. Victorian Line, who won this year's Tropical by 10 lengths, has already been dismissed by some as a "Calder horse." That judgment may have been made too quickly.

Victorian Line has run 10 times at Calder, won seven races and been beaten by a neck and a nose in two others. Before he ever competed at Calder, however, he broke his maiden at Hialeah and was claimed from that race for \$25,000 by trainer Newcomb Green for owner Don Aronow.

Aronow is best known for his success in another sport. In the late 1960s he was the U.S. offshore powerboat champion three times and the world champion twice. The 54-year-old Maanman first got into racing when his son Mike was seriously injured in an auto accident in 1970. "Mike was paralyzed from the waist down," Aronow says, "and we would get together in the hospital with the Daily Racing Form and handicap the races. We weren't too bad at it, either. Then I bought some horses. I like the action of the racetrack, the competition of it." Mike Aronow now trains horses at Aqueduct in New York.

In 1972 Aronow had another decent 3-year-old, named Get It. "He looked like he might go somewhere," Aronow says, "but he bowed a tendon. Racing is a very tough game and you have to learn to take the disappointment as best you can. When we won the Tropical Derby I walked out of the winner's circle with my trainer and I said, 'Newcomb, it's time to start getting serious about Victorian Line.'"

Actually, it's time to get serious about a number of 3-year-olds. Cassalaria, the one-eyed wonder, and Victorian Line, which may be more than a Calder horse, are only the first two derby winners on the road to the Derby.

END



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COLLEGE BASKETBALL

by Jack McCallum

During a three-week tour of Australia last summer in which West Virginia played club teams and the national squad, junior Guard Greg Jones, the Mountaineers' best player and freest spirit, jumped into a pit with a Tasmanian devil and poked an umbrella at it. "I just wanted to see how quick he was," says Jones. "I'm a little crazy, I guess. I'm not scared of anything." Except maybe Tasmanian devils, now. It jumped onto the umbrella and Jones jumped out of the pit.

But he's not backing away from anyone on a basketball court, nor are his teammates. After Eastern 8 conference victories last week over Rutgers, 59-53 at home and George Washington 74-71 on the road, the Mountaineers were 19-1 and, thanks to Nebraska's defeat of Missouri on Saturday, had the nation's longest winning streak, 18. They had also won 27 consecutive games over two seasons at their Coliseum in Morgantown. "Surprised at our record?" says junior Forward Russel Todd. "Nah, tell you the truth, I thought we'd be undefeated at this point."

Most everybody else thought otherwise, if only because West Virginia, ranked 17th this week by SI, hasn't been a national power in the last two decades, not since the days of Hot Rod Hundley, Jerry West and Rod Thorn. One would think a primary recruiting tool of Coach Gale Catlett would be to evoke those ghosts. "I never heard of Jerry West before I got here," says Jones. Some too.

Before climbing into the Top 20 two weeks ago, the Mountaineers were last nationally ranked in 1971, but they finished that year at 13-12. A charter member of the Eastern 8 in 1977, they've never won the conference title, not even last season, their best since 1962-63, when they went 23-10 and finished fourth in the NIT. This year they have all but clinched the regular-season Eastern 8 crown and an NCAA bid.

No team goes 19-1 with mirrors, but the Mountaineers are suspects. Their only impressive victories have been against

Ohio State (73-68), Virginia Tech (75-67) and South Alabama (65-59), and they've yet to win a big game on an opposing team's floor. They've defeated Long Island University, Rhode Island (twice) and Youngstown State by just two points and George Washington, a team with a superb freshman center in Mike Brown but little else, by three. They needed a lane violation and a subsequent two-shot technical foul on Pittsburgh Coach Roy Chipman with 14 seconds left to pull out a 48-45 victory over Pitt. Depending on your point of view, all this adds up to a scrappy team that does anything it has to to win or a team capable of doing a Humpty Dumpty down the stretch.

If the Mountaineers do, in fact, make their first appearance in the NCAA tournament since 1967, they might have a shock in store because of the relative weakness of their regular-season schedule. Catlett would argue with his dying breath that the Eastern 8 is as strong as the Big East—"Like Barnum & Bailey, the main thing the Big East has done is a good job of packaging"—but he doesn't really believe it. And West Virginia's non-conference opponents have included St. Leo, Robert Morris, Wisconsin-Superior and Manhattan. Oh, yes, and Marshall,



The devilish Jones is West Virginia's hottest shot.

After the pits, it's the peaks

The Mountaineers are climbing toward their first NCAA berth since 1967

which handed the Mountaineers their only loss (91-78) in their second game of the season. "That game was absolutely the turning point," says Todd. "We weren't prepared, and we found out that

when we take anyone for granted, we're going to lose."

If West Virginia is to be more than a novelty on the NCAA sky, the reasons will be a) its depth, b) its guards, c) its crowd

and d) its coach. Nine of the Mountaineers' 12 men get a lot of playing time. Their bench strength is particularly important at center, where they lack a dominating big man. Starter Phil Collins was off his game against Rutgers and played only 23 minutes, and against George Washington he got into foul trouble and played only six minutes. But on both nights backups Donnie Gipson and Tim Kearney performed adequately.

Collins can be excused if his mind wasn't on basketball last week. His wife, Debbie, a sprinter on West Virginia's women's track team, was about two weeks overdue when she gave birth to Carrie Marie Collins, their first child, on Friday morning, with Phil in attendance. On Saturday afternoon he flew to Washington, D.C. for the George Washington game, and though he didn't make much of a contribution, he did present West Virginia Governor Jay Rockefeller with a cigar after Rockefeller had spoken to the team following the win.

The Mountaineers' strength at guard was tested when top backcourt reserve Diego McCoy, who scored 30 points in last year's 89-87 loss to Tulsa in the NIT semifinals, was arrested for shoplifting in a downtown Morgantown bookstore after the fifth game of the season. Catlett revoked McCoy's scholarship, and he has transferred to Lincoln (Tenn.) Memorial University. "It tore us apart when Diego left because we were all like a family," says Todd. "But this is a strong family, and we stayed together." Starting guards Jones and Tony Washam are both getting better than three assists a game, and they are averaging 15.0 and 10.9 points, respectively. Quentin Freeman is scoring 7.5 points a game coming off the bench. Against Rutgers, Freeman was the Mountaineers' leading scorer with 19 points.

Jones's performance this season was anticipated. He was all-conference last year and made the NIT all-tournament team. But Washam, a junior transfer from South Florida who got a team-high 18 points against George Washington, has been a surprise. Catlett gave him a scholarship without ever having seen him play, taking the word of Cliff Ellis, the South Alabama coach, who called Washam the best guard in the Sun Belt Conference. Together, he, Jones and Freeman make up what George Washington Coach Gerry Gimelstob says is

probably the best combination of guards in the East.

The quickness of Washam, Jones and Freeman figures in both the Mountaineers' zone trap defense and, of course, in their first break, the club's chief strengths. "At times this team runs the break as well as any team in the country," says Catlett. He's probably correct. That's why there are groans and boos in the Coliseum when Catlett puts the Mountaineers in their "No. 5" offense, a passing game, which he often does to change the rhythm or to pull the opposition out of a zone. Jones would make a sour face when No. 5 was called, until Catlett told him to knock it off.

But if No. 5 is not No. 1 in the hearts of Mountaineer fans, the team itself assuredly is. The Coliseum crowd is a great delight to Catlett, who would rather talk about attendance than player stats. Attendance has risen steadily since he arrived in 1978, and this year the Mountaineers are drawing more than 10,000 a game at home. "If a team beats us at the Coliseum, I'll be stunned," says Catlett, who last lost in Morgantown to good ol' Marshall on Dec. 6, 1980. "We could be playing the Boston Celtics and I'd feel the same way." The Coliseum won't be available in the NCAAs, but the Mountaineers play four of their last five games at home, and they would have momentum going into the tournament.

After each home game, Catlett's radio show from courtside is piped through the Coliseum, and several thousand fans hang around to listen. "Actually, it just helps the traffic flow," says Catlett. Actually, he loves it. And he loves the 50 or so letters he gets every day, for each of which he dictates a reply.

Catlett and West Virginia seem to be a marriage made in heaven. The youngest of 13 children from the small town of Hedgesville, W. Va.—"I never saw inside running water until college"—Catlett went to West Virginia on a basketball scholarship in 1960. He played on Thorn-led Mountaineer teams from 1961 to 1963. Though he likes everything about his home state, Catlett almost turned down the West Virginia job when it was first pitched to him in the spring of 1978. He had been successful at Cincinnati, with a 126-44 record in six seasons, and he and his wife, Anise, a Morgantown native and former Mountaineer cheerleader, were happy there. He made

the switch for two reasons: the Coliseum (Cincinnati had no on-campus facility) and a multiyear contract, which the school didn't offer. West Virginia law prohibits state employees from receiving multiyear deals, and Catlett wanted security. So the West Virginia University Foundation, a private fund-raising organization, said it would guarantee his contract for four years.

Catlett is a graduate of what might be called the Famous Coaches School. He was an assistant under Lefty Driesell for one year at Davidson, an assistant under Ted Owens at Kansas for four years and an assistant under Adolph Rupp at Kentucky for one year. He learned something from all of them—the art of recruiting from Driesell, the art of X-ing and O-ing from Owens, the art of captivating an entire state from Rupp.

It seems, too, that Catlett's team has learned the art of winning. And all those Mountaineer ghosts have nothing to do with it.

THE WEEK

(Feb. 1-7)

by HERM WEISKOPF

MIDWEST Talk about sure things: Nebraska's contest at Missouri was a definite, positive, absolute lock. Hey, the Huskers couldn't even beat the Tigers in Lincoln, having lost to them 44-42 three weeks earlier, and now they were going up against a team that had really put it all together. Missouri was the only unbeaten one left in big-time hoops. Nebraska was an eight-time loser. Worse yet, the Combskusers were coming off a 75-64 home-court loss to Kansas State. The Tigers were at their peak, having just polished off Colorado 80-54, outrebounding the Buffaloes 44-28 and outshooting them 60% to 32%. That was the 29th consecutive triumph for Mizzou at Harnes Center. Another tip-off about how much of a mismatch Saturday's Nebraska-Missouri game was going to be came when the Huskers had 6'6" Terry Smith, their tallest starter, guard the Tigers' Steve Siponovich, who is 6'11".

As anticipated, the score wasn't even close—67-51. But Nebraska was the winner. An early indication that the biggest surprise of the season might be in the works came when Smith blocked Siponovich's first two shots. Smith, with help from 6'6" Lenard Johnson, limited Siponovich to 13 points. Greg

continued

COLLEGE BASKETBALL continued

Downing, a 6'2" Husker forward, led all scorers with 14 points and held 6'6" Ricky Fricker to six, almost nine below his average. Missouri, pestered by a rugged man-to-man defense, shot only 34.6%, its worst performance of the entire season. In addition, Nebraska, which had outrebounded only one team in 19 previous outings—Sacramento State—topped Missouri 35-32.

Kansas State sliced Missouri's conference lead to a game and a half by defeating Colorado 65-58, as Ed Neely pulled down 16 rebounds and Tyrone Adams scored 20 points. In their earlier victory over Nebraska, the Wildcats established a Big Eight record for field-goal accuracy (77.1%) by sinking 27 of 35 shots.

A deft shooting touch is nice; a little luck helps, too. Scott Hastings of Arkansas had both against Texas, tying in 22 points, one basket coming when a seemingly errant shot bounced off the top of the backboard and then went through the net for a 51-50 Razor-back lead. After the Longhorns scored the only other point in regulation time, the game went into an extra period. It was then that

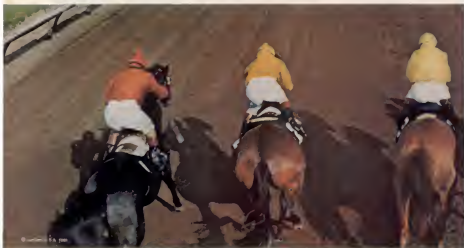
Arkansas finally broke things open with the aid of back-to-back steals by Darrell Walker, who turned his theft into a basket, and by Tony Brown, who was promptly fouled and sank two free throws. By winning 62-55, the Hogs cling to a one-game Southwest Conference lead over Texas A&M.

"They are the type of team that seems to press harder than they should when it gets late," said Tulsa Coach Nolan Richardson after winning 80-75 at Wichita State. "They get in a hurry." The Shockers led 67-61 with 6:31 to be played, but then their spread offense fell apart. Instead of cracking the Golden Hurricane zone for some easy buckets, the speed collapsed in a flurry of costly turnovers. Paul Pressey starred for Tulsa, scoring 15 of his 21 points after the intermission and taking charge of a trapping defense that put his team back in control during the late stages. Wichita State's Antoine Carr scored 35 points.

The best freshman in the land? It may well be 6'10" Keith Lee of Memphis State, the only first-year player averaging in double figures in both scoring (18.6) and rebounding

(11.4). "He's the finest freshman I've seen," said Louisville Coach Denny Crum after a 74-65 overtime loss to the Tigers in Memphis in which Lee had 30 points, 13 rebounds, four blocked shots and a steal. "Usually a guy six-ten is a center, but this one plays forward and moves around all over the place. He has great court sense and knows what to do with the basketball." Lee, who has surprisingly silky moves for such a big youngster and who can hit from the outside as well as in close, made 11 of 14 field-goal attempts against the Cardinals. Memphis State, down 41-34 with 16 minutes left, strengthened its grip on first place in the Metro race with the victory.

EAST Their names are Othello (not Othello) and Sampson (not Samson), and together Guard Othello Wilson and Center Ralph Sampson carried Virginia to a solid 74-58 victory over visiting North Carolina. Othello and Sampson met untimely ends, but at the conclusion of this battle for first place in the Atlantic Coast Conference—and, as it turned out, 51's No. 1 national ranking as well—there was lots to smile about for Wilson



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(20 points and five assists) and Sampson (18 points and 12 rebounds). Weariness may have been a factor in the Tar Heels' undoing, their front line playing with only a few seconds' rest and Guard Jimmy Black being on the floor all but one minute. Even before Carolina wore down, though, the Cavaliers had moved in front 25-13. The closest the Tar Heels could get was 57-50, after which they faded. Three days later at Roanoke, Virginia blew out Virginia Tech 80-66 as Sampson dominated with 25 points—including four dunks—21 rebounds and seven blocked shots. After Sampson was yanked with 4:29 remaining, the Hokies made the score a little more respectable by outscoring the Cavs 16-4.

North Carolina and North Carolina State tangled with Furman and The Citadel in Friday-Saturday doubleheaders at Charlotte. Both South Carolina teams were caught in Charlotte's web: Furman lost to the Tar Heels 76-69 and the Wolfpack 67-55; the Bulldogs were beaten 67-46 by Carolina and 54-44 by N.C. State.

The scouting report on Maryland Coach Lefty Driesell is that he's lost half a step in his

pursuit of referees, that his scalp looks more like Yul Brynner's each week, that he's toned down a couple of deathbells and that he's even begun to mellow out. Maybe so, but Driesell was his old self when Wake Forest came to town. With a trifle more than eight minutes to be played and his team ahead 47-44, Lefty got off the bench, waved his arms frantically and pleaded with the home crowd to hoot and howl for the Terps. Maryland rooters responded in full voice. And Driesell's players responded by holding the Deacons without a point for 6:45 and by scoring nine points as the closing 45 seconds to pull off a 61-56 upset. Freshman Forward Adrian Branch scored seven of those last nine points, including a slam dunk that put the Terps ahead 55-50. Next time out, Maryland defeated Duke 77-60 and Wake Forest knocked off Georgia Tech 53-38.

Cincinnati Coach Ed Badger, trying his best to shake off the miseries of an 11-9 record, has developed what he calls a "bingo offense." While doing his best to keep a straight face, Badger says, "It's top secret. But I can tell you that it's multifaceted. There are many

ways to score: B-7, O-64, I-19, G-47." About the closest the Bearcats have come to bingo, however, is six straight Metro Conference losses. Added to that, last week there was a 52-50 overtime defeat at Boston University, where Jay Twyman settled the outcome with his last-second field goal.

Georgetown moved into a virtual tie for first place in the Big East by beating Villanova 83-72 on the road and then returning home to overwhelm Seton Hall 113-73. Co-leader Connecticut took a pair of away games, 47-45 at Providence and 67-59 at Boston College.

MIDEAST Florida Coach Norm Sloan, whose team was on a school-record 14-game losing streak, said that he told his wife, "I need some TLC—Tender Loving Care." What he got from her, he said, was another kind of TLC—"Tough luck, Coach." Ah, but the streak ended, at last, when the Gators beat Auburn 69-66.

That was only one of many upsets last week. Auburn pulled off a surprise of its own, continued



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ambushing Kentucky 83-81 when Charles Barkley, Odell Mosteller and Byron Benson scored four points apiece in overtime.

It was Mississippi, however, that brought off the biggest Midstate upset. Ole Miss, which was 10-8, won 55-53 in overtime at Tennessee and stunned Alabama 79-69. The Rebels benefited from 20 Vol turnovers and put away the Crimson Tide by converting 34 of 37 foul shots and by getting 11 assists from Guard Sean Tushy. That left Mississippi with victories over three of the top four teams in the SEC and revived memories of its surprise triumph in last year's conference tournament. Kentucky, a mid-January loser to Ole Miss, beat Tennessee 77-67. Guard Dickey Beal played only 10 minutes but fired up the Wildcats. Beal helped Kentucky take a 12-point halftime lead and then, when the Vols had cut the margin to two, came at again and quickly sank a layup. Later, with the Wildcats up by just four, Beal grabbed a rebound and went the length of the court for another basket. He then deflected a Vol pass, took a feed from Charles Hunt and scored on a finger roll. Alabama also won, 66-63, over Mississippi State, which had to play without Bu-senken Eddie Phillips, its top scorer. The tide was helped, too, when Eamonn Whaley swished a 68-foot shot 11 seconds before halftime. Whaley unleashed that bomb because Alabama fans had started a premature countdown to try to rush a shot by the Bulldogs, who had the ball before turning it over, and Whaley thought it had nearly run out.

Mike Mitchell, Notre Dame's lone senior, scored a career-high 19 points as the Irish upended San Francisco 75-66 to conclude and clinch a nine-game series between the schools in which the home club won each time.

DePaul (page 32) continued to dodge the bullet. The Blue Demons stopped St. Joseph's (Pa.) 46-44 in OT and won 67-66 at Marquette. Commenting on the Hawks' stall, DePaul coach Ray Meyer said, "The more holding the ball you see like that, the more coaches are going to go for the 30-second clock." Such slowdowns are one reason Division I scoring is at a 30-year low average of 135.38 points a game. That's 4.77 points below the midseason total of a year ago.

Iowa held Indiana to its lowest score since 1945, drubbing the Hoosiers 62-40. The Hawkeyes then had to go into OT to win at Ohio State 69-65. Iowa's 6'11" freshman, Michael Payne, back after missing two games because of an ankle injury, sank his first six shots against Indiana and nine of 15 against the Buckeyes, getting 25 points against the latter team.

Minnesota continued to have troubles at home, splintering two games in Minneapolis and falling two games behind Iowa in the Big Ten. The Gophers, 4-1 in conference road games, dropped to 3-2 in league home games. After routing Purdue 73-50, Minnesota blew a 10-point lead and lost to Indiana 58-55.

SI TOP 20

1. VIRGINIA (22-1)	3 *
2. DePAUL (20-1)	4
3. N. CAROLINA (18-2)	1
4. MISSOURI (19-1)	2
5. IOWA (17-2)	6
6. TULSA (16-3)	7
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12. IDAHO (19-2)	14
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16. FRESNO STATE (18-2)	15
17. WEST VIRGINIA (19-1)	20
18. GEORGETOWN (18-5)	—
19. WASHINGTON (17-3)	—
20. WAKE FOREST (15-5)	18

* Last week

WEST

San Francisco, which might have left its heart in South Bend earlier in the week when it lost to Notre Dame, might have left its WCAC hopes in Santa Clara after losing there in overtime 77-75 four days later. Much the same thing happened a year ago, the Dons coming back to the West Coast after a defeat at the hands of the Irish and immediately losing at Toso Pavilion. Last season San Francisco regrouped in time to tie Pepperdine for first place in the WCAC. This time the Dons' task will be more difficult, because they trail the Waves by two lengths. Nine players fouled out in Santa Clara, five from San Francisco, including Quentin Dailey. Dailey is usually deadly from eight feet, but he missed seven shots from that distance and finished with 14 points. Banned, too, was Derryl Williams of the Broncos, but not before he put in 20 points and pulled down 10 rebounds.

Santa Clara prevailed despite the absence of Bill Duffy, its standout guard, who was sidelined with a severely sprained wrist. Three underclassmen helped pull the Broncos through. Freshman Harold Keeling sent the game into overtime by sinking a shot with nine seconds to go in regulation and then scored the first field goal in overtime. Freshman Scott Lamson made three foul shots in OT, and sophomore Terry Davis made four.

Maybe the Pepperdine year should be called the 76ers. That seemed fitting after the Waves twice scored that many points, beating Portland 76-58 and Gonzaga 76-67.

Ups and downs. Long Beach State Coach Tex Winter has had lots of both during his 28 seasons. His teams have won 436 games and lost 314. After a 97-61 defeat on Monday at

Nevada-Las Vegas, the worst loss for the Niners in 17 years, Winter knew what to do: He gave his boys Tuesday off from practice. "We were just mentally tired," he explained. Besides, he and his team had to brace themselves for a visit by Fresno State, which was riding a 12-game winning streak. Long Beach State had lost five in a row and 13 overall, and many of the players said they preferred playing on the road. Things were so bleak that the team's P.A. announcer had been told not to introduce the coaches before the game, thus giving local fans one less chance to boo Winter. On Thursday, however, Winter's winter of discontent took an upturn. Guard Craig Hodges scoring six of his team's eight overtime points as Long Beach State stunned the Bulldogs 45-42.

That same night UC-Irvine, which had a 17-1 record, lost at home to San Jose State. Kevin Magee of the Anteaters matched his season's average by pouring in 28 points. But the Spartans hung tough, overcame a 51-46 deficit and won 58-57. In a Sunday showdown between the PCAA co-leaders, Fresno State moved a full game in front by winning 55-49 in overtime at UC-Irvine.

Idaho also took a vital game by defeating Nevada-Reno 91-79 in a tussle to settle first place in the Big Sky. The Vandals abandoned their usual matchup zone for some of the game, going man-to-man as they held the Wolf Pack front line, which had been averaging 43.2 points a game, to 19. For Idaho, Phil Hopson had 23 points and 15 rebounds, Kelvin Smith had 19 and 10, Brian Kelleman scored 24 points and Ken Owens 19.

Oregon State went on a tear against Stan-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

CARLOS CLARK: Mississippi's 6'4" junior forward had 17 points and the winning shot of the buzzer to knock off Tennessee 55-53 in OT, and his 26 points helped the Rebels beat Alabama 79-69.

ford. Late in the first half, the scam in the seat of Beaver Coach Ralph Miller's pants went on a tear, too. Miller's trousers were mended at halftime, but there was nothing the Cardinals could do to stich up their defense against Oregon State, which concentrated on offense for a change and won 111-81.

Washington took a half-game lead over Oregon State in the Pac-10 by beating Arizona State 59-55 and Arizona 82-62. Before the Wildcat game, Kenny Lyles of the Huskies called to teammate Dan Caldwell. "I told him he should yell at me and wake me up whenever I looked like I was asleep," said Lyles, who was fighting a 103° fever. The only things Caldwell had to yell about were 19 points of his own and a career-high 27 by Lyles, who somehow summoned enough energy to also grab eight rebounds.

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The image shows two white championship banners with green borders hanging from a dark ceiling. The banner on the left is fully visible and reads "BOSTON CELTICS" in large green letters, followed by the NBA logo (a red circle with "NBA" in white), and then "1957 WORLD CHAMPIONS" in green. The banner on the right is partially cut off by the edge of the frame, showing only "BOS", "CEL", the NBA logo, "19", "WO", and "CHAM". The banners are set against a dark background, and a wooden floor is visible at the bottom.

**BOSTON
CELTICS**



**1957
WORLD
CHAMPIONS**

**BOS
CEL**



**19
WO
CHAM**

A Man For All



Seasons

Red Auerbach and Celtic green are the most successful blend in the history of pro sports
by **FRANK DEFORD**

CONTINUED

Red Auerbach

continued

tung in his office, surrounded by all manner of the most incredible bric-a-brac—photos and cartoons, handmade presents, the letter openers he collects, citations, cigars, gadgets and gizmos, all the effluvia of a long life in the public eye. And, in a way, Auerbach looks like a

owner. "You can't have a debating society," Red goes on. "But Sharman keeps after me, so I say, O.K., we'll do it for you dummies the easiest way possible. Number One becomes Number Two, Number Two Three, and on like that, with Number Seven becoming



The Celtics have banged out Boston Garden their last 52 home dates. Fifteen three twenty. As they would say in Boston, you could charm a dog off a meat wagon with a Celtic ducat. It's ironic, isn't it? Here's Red Auerbach—64 years of age, 30-odd years in the Hub, 13 in the Hall of Fame, 14 world championships as the Celtic coach and/or general manager—thinking about retiring after next season, and only now, right at the end of the line, Boston finally appreciates what it had all along. The Celtics were champions, heroes, legends, and at last, holy of holies, they're even a hot ticket. Red, you can hang it up now.

Of course, he says it didn't bother him all that much. "My players know what I did. I know what I did," he says. Naturally, he is chomping on a cigar. He's sit-

ting in his office, surrounded by all manner of the most incredible bric-a-brac—photos and cartoons, handmade presents, the letter openers he collects, citations, cigars, gadgets and gizmos, all the effluvia of a long life in the public eye. And, in a way, Auerbach looks like a

larger prop. After all, he does blend in. Red? What a laugh, red. Har de har har. Red? Always your browns and grays, your tans, your basic blacks. Maroon or forest green are flaming autumn leaves upon Auerbach. If they put out a new paint color named Auerbach Red it would be a dull brown, the shade of a well-used basketball.

He hangs up the phone and says: "Where was I? Oh yeah, Bill Sharman comes up to me in practice, and he says we got to change the numbers of the plays. We only had seven, you know, and even the opponents knew them. So he says, can we change the numbers? I say, no. He says, why? I say, because you're all too dumb." Of course, this may have been the 1960-61 team, all 11 members of which became pro or college coaches and the trainer a major league baseball

Number One. So the next night, Combs comes down, calls out Number Three or something, and half of 'em go one way, half the other. This goes on a while, and I call time out and bring 'em into the huddle, and I say, stick your heads in here close, and they do, and I take my hand and slap 'em one after one like this—bap, bap, bap, bap, bap—and say, all right, it's all wiped out of your minds. From now on, Number One is Number One again, and Number Two Number Two and so on. And then they were fine again. You see, you got to have a dictator." Then he pauses. "I got to stop this reminiscing. You got to make them think you're very modern." He draws on his cigar. There is a constant battle of the senses played out in Red's office between the smell of cigar smoke and the noise of vigorous conversation.

Even getting to the office is something of an adventure. Nowhere on the ground floor of North Station-Boston Garden—they're both located in the same seamy old building—is there a clue as to where the world champions' office may be. Only insiders know that you go past The

even worse. Still, Boston had a great hockey tradition, and even if the Bruins finished last every year, they could count on big crowds, while the Celtics couldn't draw fans until the playoffs.

After the Celtics' original owner, the sainted Walter Brown, died in 1964, the

money," Auerbach says. "I'm very proud of that. But it was so frustrating." The famous Celtic black basketball shoes were chosen simply because white shoes got dirtier faster and had to be replaced sooner. During much of the dynasty, the front office consisted of only two



PHOTOGRAPH BY LANE STEWART



With an owner he likes (Mangurian, right) and a team he loves, Red is his very old self again.

Horse, the old "drinking parlor" on the street, turn down the musty corridor where the vagrant adolescents of Boston are OD'ing on video games and then weave up the steps where the winos are sitting, brown-bagging it. Turn left at the dark at the top of the stairs.

It was always thus. It wasn't only the citizens of Boston who didn't care for the Celtics, even when the Celtics had the greatest player and the greatest coach and the greatest teams of all time. The Celtics' landlords hated the Celtics. For that matter, one couldn't be sure whose side some of the Celtics' owners were on. Auerbach alone was the Celtics—substance and continuity, heart and soul.

The Garden was jealous because the Garden is also the Bruins, but the Bruins were stills until Bobby Orr arrived. The Celtics' success made the Bruins look

team switched bosses as regularly as a banana republic. At the height of the glorious Russell run, the Celtics went seven straight seasons, 1963-64 through 1969-70, with different ownership every year. From Brown's death until 1979 when Harry Mangurian—"My best owner since Walter," says Auerbach—assumed full control, there were 11 different owners. No wonder Red can play owners every bit as well as he worked the refs. But it wasn't mere personalities he had to juggle. Paychecks sometimes were late. One year, Auerbach had to pledge his personal credit to keep the phones in. Once he had to write a personal check for \$9,000 so the fabled Celtics could make a road trip by air. Even when they were in proximate solvency, the Celts had the shorts.

"We did everything right, but without

full-time employees, P.R. man. Howie McHugh and a secretary. Then there was a part-time secretary, a gofer and the coach, who moonlighted as the administrative misjoromo.

Nobody so successful in sports ever had to learn more angles. Is it possible there are only seven basic plays to life itself? Recently, on a local radio salute to Auerbach, Bill Fitch, the present Celtic coach, told Bruce Cornblatt of WHDH about a State Department tour of the Far East he and Auerbach made a few years ago. In one store, Fitch spotted some beautiful jade at a good price. He pointed it out, but Auerbach just said, "Naw, let's get out of here."

Fitch was unbelievable: "Red, at that price, you've got to look at it."

"It couldn't be any good," Auerbach replied as they walked on, looking for a

continued

Red Auerbach

continued

new store. "Too close to the door." Though no sports executive has ever been shrewder than Auerbach, none has ever been so much a prophet without honor, either as a coach or a general manager. Auerbach won eight NBA championships before he was voted Coach of the Year. The main knock against him was that any rumbum could have won with Bill Russell. And there's some truth in that; probably any competent coach would have won once or twice, maybe three times. Even Russell won two out of three seasons coaching Russell. And Russell has a view: "Red Auerbach is the best coach in the history of professional sports, period."

Dick O'Connell, who ran the Red Sox for many years, was once asked whom he would pick if he could choose any man he wanted to manage the Sox. In a flash O'Connell replied that he would choose Auerbach, and never mind if he knew beans about baseball. Gene Conley, who played for the Sox and Celtics, and Eddie Andelman, who runs Foxboro Raceway, the local trotting track, decided once that they would try to get a state law passed, requiring Auerbach to run the Sox and the Patriots as well as the Celtics. Says Dick Vertlieb, who has been general manager of the Sonics,

Warriors and Pacers, "When I came into the league I figured the guy had to be overrated. By the time I left, I wanted him to be commissioner. I started to call Red 'Stradivarius' because he played us all like a fiddle."

As coach and/or general manager, Auerbach won 11 NBA titles between 1957 and 1969. That last club collapsed, but within five years, with only two holdovers, he had built a new championship squad, good enough to win in '74 and '76. By 1978-79 the Celtics had faded again, to a 29-53 record, second worst in the league; only two years after that, the Celtics, 100% overhauled from the last title team, were champions once more.

Who could challenge Auerbach's record? John McGraw, who managed the old Orioles and Giants, would be a good candidate; still, his record of three world championships pales before Auerbach's. Even with a lot more time in grade, George Halas and Connie Mack, who like Auerbach were on-the-field and off-the-field bosses, can't approach Red. Branch Rickey created the farm system and built Cardinal and Dodger champions; George Weiss with the Yankees and Sam Pollock with the Canadiens had long-running championship acts. But

Auerbach can match them all with the Russell teams and then top them with what he has accomplished since.

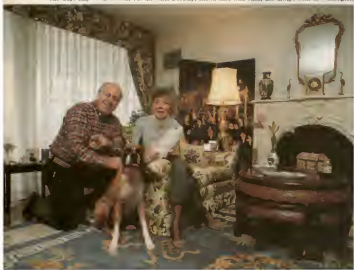
Make no mistake, though: The reason the Celtics have kept winning, the reason Auerbach has never let up on them, has been that there have been more than natural enemies aligned against his team. There were his owners, his building, his city, and that kept him meaner and leaner. It was Auerbach and his Celtics—"the Guys" was all Russell ever called them—against the world. Auerbach is a Russian immigrant's son, propelled by conflicting amounts of Jewish angst and Brooklyn festiveness. Lighting the famous victory cigar when a win was assured was a message to a much larger world than the one that sat on the opposition's bench. And triumph only fed upon itself. "It's easy to get people to commiserate with you when you're finishing third or fourth all the time," Fitch says (probably holding up a shiny new mirror to his own face as he talks about Auerbach), "but when Red was first every year, there was no one there to care about him."

When those who know Auerbach at all well talk of him, they first cite his loyalty. It is fierce. The tales are legion. The hardest thing he ever had to do was to fire Tommy Heinsohn, one of his son figures, as coach. Who, after Auerbach (938-479, 662), has the best coaching record—using the NBA's standard of 420 or more victories—an history? Heinsohn (427-263, 619). Just this year Red yanked the Celtics' radio rights from a clear-channel station in favor of a lesser outlet, partly because of what he felt was mistreatment by that station of members of the Celtic family. Old Celtics are never forgotten. Red gets them jobs, saves their jobs, loans them money. Beneath that gruff exterior...

One recent day John Havlicek's wife was in Florida, his kids were in school, so Havlicek just came by to shoot the breeze and show Auerbach a new remote control telephone that he'd bought. Red said a) he must

continued

The Guys may be in Boston, but the wife, Dorothy, shown here with Alon, has always been in Washington.



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Red Auerbach

continued

have gotten beaten on the price, and b) who but an atomic scientist could learn to operate it? Havlicek protested in vain and left shaking his head. As soon as he was gone, Red beamed. "They come by all the time." In his playing days, Russell was never more than "cordial" with Auerbach, but once, when Wilt Chamberlain went after Red, Russell jumped in front of Wilt and snarled: "You've got to get through me to get him."

he thinks is fair, and then he's hurt if you dare think otherwise. And worse, for me, I always believe that he's completely sincere." And as might be expected of a man of such strong loyalty, Auerbach has a long memory.

A scene from the mid-'60s: The Celtics have just won another title from the Lakers—Red's fourth or fifth or seventh in a row, one of them—and the sunshine fans, momentarily adoring their Celtics,

an honor my being here," he began his speech. "I haven't had too much regard for the Chamber of Commerce over my years in Boston. When the Celtics won 11 championships in 13 years, it was promptly ignored in their own town."

And then, what the hell, just to twist the knife: "The Bruins . . . a household word around Greater Boston, but mention Bruins 50 miles from this city and people immediately think of UCLA."

And yet, as blunt as Auerbach can be, he's ever careful, he's always on guard. What so often appeared as mad, spontaneous behavior was, in fact, calculated. And maybe it's his fault that he spawned a whole generation of re-bating coaches, but don't blame Red for their not getting it right. "They saw all the ranting and raving, but they didn't understand how I picked my spots," he says.

One night several weeks ago Fitch apologized to Auerbach for doing a rotten job of coaching. Fitch had blown a home game to the Bulls. Auerbach liked that; it showed Fitch's self-security and candor and intelligence. "I wasn't going to say anything," Red said after he left Fitch, "but he's right: He was terrible tonight. But I'm realistic enough to know that coaches will have bad days just like anybody else. Now, if I had been Fitch tonight, I would have got thrown out. Maybe it would've got the team mad. But I would've just turned it over to somebody—anybody—and said, hey, it's yours. You've got to do better than me."

For all his renowned brusqueness, Auerbach has always been a closet diplomat; he never puts all his eggs in one basket. At a certain point in every game he coached, he would start thinking about the next game. "It's like they say at the track," he says. "Anybody can beat a race, but beat the races? There's a big difference between winning a game and winning games." Even now, Auerbach tiptoes around the subject of John Y. Brown, who was briefly the owner of the Celtics, and who treated Auerbach with less respect and more mean-spiritedness than anyone ever has.

When Brown bought the club in 1978 (with Mangano as his quiet partner), he ran roughshod over Auerbach, dealing on his own, even trading precious first-round draft choices to obtain a player that the new Mrs. Brown was partial to. One day when Brown was in Boston, he appropriated Auerbach's desk, in Red's



Auerbach's Boston Garden office is full of unique objects, but the real piece of work is Red himself.

And yet, loyalty is often a curious quality when it is the prime one. Then it can have an edge to it. Jeff Cohen, 39, the general manager of the Kansas City Kings, is a lifelong friend of Auerbach's and worked for him in the Celtics' front office for 16 years. "Red's first reaction to almost anything is to be self-protective, even suspicious," Cohen says. "If I came to him with any new idea, his immediate response was not, how can this help us, but, what are they getting out of us?" Red makes the rules. Whenever he shot baskets with his players, he determined the spot—the handicap. Protests to no avail. It's no different in negotiations. Says Bob Woolf, Larry Bird's agent, "Negotiating with Red is so hard because he starts off with a figure, which

are swarming onto the court. A young network television producer (the league would have killed for network exposure in those days) finds Auerbach. Red doesn't recognize him. The young man touches Auerbach's arm and tells him: "We need you up in the booth right away, Red."

Auerbach brushes the fellow's hand off his jacket, as he might flick away cigar ash. Then he looks the producer in the face. "Where were you guys in February?" he says. The TV man stutters. Auerbach tells him he'll be with his February people, the Guys and his writers.

A few years later, Auerbach was invited to address the Greater Boston Chamber of Commerce at a fancy luncheon. "Let me start by saying this is not quite

presence, and then he looked up and said condescendingly, "Red, why don't you leave so I can go to work?" On another occasion, after a Celtic loss, a crowd of old friends gathered in Auerbach's office, as is the case following every home game. Brown, who had come along too, was whining "like a little boy who couldn't have his ice cream," according to a former Celtic who was there. And then, when he saw Auerbach, Brown sneered and said, "Well, here comes the living legend now. Say something smart for us, living legend."

The room fell silent; no one could even look at Auerbach. But Red bit his lip. It was one game, there would be other games. Says the old player who was there, "I know it's hard to feel sorry for Red Auerbach, but you couldn't help but want to cry for that man."

Still, when Brown ran for governor in 1979 and the press in Kentucky besieged Auerbach with inquiries, Red's policy was to reply politely that he had no interest in politics.

By that time, though, Auerbach had revived an old standing offer to take over the Knicks, and used it to back Brown into a corner. "If I had left Boston because of him, they'd have run John Y. out of town on a rail, and he knew it," Auerbach says. At last, in the spring of 1979, Red delivered an ultimatum to Mangin: Buy Brown out by Monday or Auerbach was gone to Gotham. Brown sold. Having done his turn with the Boston Celtics, who were 29-53 during his ownership, Brown returned to the Bluegrass to take care of Kentucky; now, it's said, he has his eye on the United States of America.

When Brown left, the Celtics were in disarray. Auerbach had made a succession of abominable first-round draft choices—Steve Downing, Glenn McDonald, Tom Boswell, Norm Cook; Heinsohn, worn out, in aimless retreat, had at last been fired; what was left, a ragtag troop of unlikely Celtics, sulked and smelled of molasses. Bob Ryan, the much-respected pro basketball writer for the Globe, wrote, "For 20 years the Celtics stood for something. The only thing they stand for now is the anthem."

There would be some backing and filling for another season—as Boston awaited the arrival of Larry Bird, the Hoosier messiah, whom Auerbach had picked as a junior-eligible draftee in '78. Mean-

continued

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Red Auerbach

continued

while, Red did some revamping and, for the first time, went outside the Celtic family for a coach. "It was time for new ideas," he admits. Two college guys—Bobby Knight and Hugh Durham—turned him down, so he went to Fitch, who had been coaching the Cleveland Cavaliers. Then, in the fall of 1979, came Bird and victory. The people of Boston at last saw the light and began lining up for tickets down in the dark and dirty shadows outside The Horse drinking parlor. The Celtics could sell out with season tickets now. But Auerbach won't permit that. He cuts the season sale off so there are about 2,500 tickets available for each game. He remembers that when the Bruins owned the winter in Boston, they practically sold out every summer. At least the kids can get to see the Celts.

"All those kids we give clinics for finally grew up," Auerbach says. "It's just like anything. People made such a big deal out of us using a first-round choice for Bird and having to wait a year until we got anything to show for it. But I've found time goes by quickly. I admit, I never was super at running the office. I figured, if I just ran the ball club right, it would all take care of itself."

In a way, it took Boston as long to learn about basketball as it did Auerbach to learn about promotion. But then:

"Promotion. I remember in St. Louis, Benny Kerner [the owner of the Hawks] used to have those big bands all the time at the Hawks games. Duke Ellington, the big names. And he got good crowds. But then they got to expect the big bands, and when Benny didn't have one, they wouldn't come out just to see the basketball. Promotion? If I had played dull ball, basketball would've died here. What about that? Isn't that promotion? It was close enough." If the merchandise is good, don't put it by the door.

In his 65th year, Arnold Jacob Auerbach's personal habits are as peculiar as ever. At the age of one, his mother gave him an egg. Didn't like it, thank you. Hasn't had an egg since. A few years later, mother gave him a sip of coffee. Didn't like it. Coffee hasn't touched his lips since. Subsists mostly on Chinese food, heavy on the black bean sauce. Breakfast, more often than not, consists of leftovers he took home in a Pekingese bag the night before. And crack another Coke. For variety, a little deli.

And Auerbach has maintained a complete separation between family and work. "When I go home, I go home," he says. Home isn't Boston; never has been. Home is Washington; has been since he left Brooklyn—where he was a second-

team All-Borough guard—to attend George Washington University. He and Dorothy have been married for nearly 41 years and have a lovely condominium on Massachusetts Avenue (a coincidence). One of his two grown daughters, who's divorced, lives almost next door with his only grandchild, another girl. The Guys have always been in Boston.

Up there, for years, Auerbach kept a drab suite at The Lenox Hotel. Now he lives, hardly more opulently, at the Pru Center, in an apartment large enough for a bed and a bath and a refrigerator for the chicken wings and Cokes. "What else do I need?" he asks. "It's like a lot of these general managers. When I travel, I get a simple hotel room. I don't need a suite. I wouldn't have the nerve. Besides, what the hell did I ever have to do to impress anybody?"

It's a special point of pride with Auerbach that he has wasted little money over the years. "Having money is easy. Knowing how to spend it is the trick," he says. "And therein lies the difference between a good businessman and an ego." It seems Auerbach has devoured so much Chinese food, sometimes now he sounds like Confucius say. He estimates the Celtics have spent about one-tenth as much on scouting as virtually all of their competitors. "So, sure, you might miss one guy occasionally out in Texas, but it's not how many players you see, it's making the right decisions on the ones you do see," Confucius say.

Of course, Auerbach has made some concessions to the here and now. Fitch is permitted to have two assistants, just like losing teams do. When Red was coaching, he, like most of his NBA colleagues, worked as a single; he still prides himself that he could remember the number of fouls that all players on both teams had. Confucius continue:

"The key to coaching is not what you tell 'em, it's what they absorb. Too many coaches today overcoach. They have to make it more complicated to justify all the assistants. And none of 'em know change of pace. They think they have to yell all the time. But you got to vary it."

"And then, almost every team convinces itself that each new player is the millennium—and pays him like that, too. But the chemistry is more important than a man. You get enough intangibles, they become a tangible and put points on the board. [Underscored for easy

This Baroque gong naru be a prized possession, or else it would be much closer to the door.



The Deals Of A Lifetime

Here, in order, are Auerbach's top personnel miscreants ranked according to the quality of the players involved and the degree of cleverness of the deal. For example, picking John Havlicek as the last man in the first round of the 1962 draft is always rated as a top Auerbachian decision, but given the choices available to him, that wasn't nearly as cagey as many of his other moves.

1) Traded Ed Macauley and the rights to Cliff Hagan to St. Louis for the draft pick that would be Bill Russell (1956).

2) Picked Larry Bird sixth in the first round of the draft, though he was still eligible to play in college for another year (1978). Do you believe in the stars? Bird arrived in the world in the same month, December 1956, and under the same sign, Sagittarius, that Russell arrived in Boston.

3) Traded Bob McAdoo, whom he would have given away, to Detroit for M.L. Carr and two draft choices, which became Kevin McHale and Robert Parish (1979).

4) Traded the draft rights to Charlie Share to Ft. Wayne for the rights to Bill Sharman and Gabby Hairs and \$10,000, which he

used to sign Bob Brannan, thereby getting the Celtics an eight-time All-Star and two regulars (1950).

5) Picked up Don Nelson for nothing after every other NBA team had passed on him (1965). Nelson would play on five Celtic championship teams.

6) 101 Ways To Deal: Charlie Scott. Drafted him in seventh round with a throwaway pick when Scott was already committed to ABA (1970). Traded NBA rights to Scott to Phoenix for Paul Silas (1972), the Suns agreeing to continue paying a chunk of Silas' \$125,000 salary for the ensuing four years, during which Silas helped the Celtics win two titles. Traded Paul Westphal and two second-round draft choices to Phoenix for Scott (1975). Westphal became a better player than Scott, but he couldn't pair in the Boston backcourt with Jo Jo White. Later, after Scott had helped lead Boston to the '76 title, he was traded to Los Angeles in a deal in which Red reacquired Don Chaney.

7) Picked Dave Cowens, who would later become the league MVP as a 6' 8 1/2" center, as the fourth choice in the first round of the draft (1970).

8) Obtained Bailey Howell from Baltimore even-up for Mel Counts. This deal was so good that the Celtics didn't make another body-for-body trade again for more than eight years (1966).

9) Decided at last minute not to send Red

Auerbach to run the N.Y. Knicks (1979).

10) While every other team was searching desperately for an exciting white star, selected Danny Ainge as 31st pick in the draft and then took him away from Toronto Blue Jays (1981). The More Things Change Dept.: In 1952, took Gene Conley in the 10th round because he was supposedly committed to baseball. Though Ainge, who joined Boston after the season began, has been used sparingly, the Celtics and a lot of other teams still regard him as a hot prospect.

11) While every team in the league was convinced Jo Jo White would have to serve a couple of years in the Army, Auerbach drafted him in the first round and got him into the Marine Reserves. In the lineup by December. *Semper fidelis* (1969).

12) As a future draft choice, picked, in the third round, a 6' 1" guard who couldn't shoot a lick—K.C. Jones (1956). This was the prototype for the 1968 first-round choice of a 6' 5" guard who couldn't shoot—Chaney.

13) Took unknown Sam Jones as last selection of first round (1957).

14) Picked up Arnie Risen for nothing when he was about to retire from Rochester (1955). Risen would back up and school Russell and set the pattern of getting veteran fill-ins at virtually no cost. Clyde Lovellette, Andy Phillip, Carl Braun, Woody Sautsberry, Willie Naulls, Wayne Embry, Emmette Bryant.

END

transferral to fortune-cookie ships.] When I scout, I scout the player; I don't care what patterns and plays his team has. Everybody in the league knew the Celtic plays, and what good did that do them?

"It's amazing how much people don't see. Near the end of his career Russell asked me one time what percentage of rebounds did I think were taken beneath the rim. You know the answer? Ninety percent. I watched. Russell was right. Why do you think relatively short guys like [Paul] Silas and [Wes] Unseld who couldn't jump much got so many rebounds? Timing, position, reaction, anticipation. Also, they should measure guys with their arms over their head. A 6' 10" guy with short arms isn't 6' 10"."

A couple of weeks ago, Auerbach was sitting in his office, blending into his chair, when the phone rang. It was one of his old players calling, needing two for Friday, for the Sixers. Red gave him a little obligatory grief and told him the pair would be waiting. Then he reached into his sport jacket for another cigar.

He's a sport jacket guy, heavy on the Windsor knot. He bought a bunch of suits when he gave up coaching, to look more like an executive, but it didn't take. He tried a pipe, once, too, but that didn't fly either. And now, *Celtic fans, Red Auerbach is fighting up his victory pipe!* No: Put it over there with the eggs and coffee.

But Auerbach has never lost a step. The ones who lose a step with age are the ones who had been a step ahead. Those steps you can lose. But Red was always more a step to the side and up a little riser. Those steps you can keep. Auerbach's first full-time job was as a physical-education teacher at Washington's Roosevelt High, where he cut Bowtie Kuhn from the basketball team. He found that kids kept bringing in doctor's notes, testifying that they didn't have to take PE, but could take the period off and hang out. Auerbach knew he was being snookered, so he made a rule that even if a kid had a note from the director of the National Institutes of Health, he at least had to suit up and take a shower at the end of the period. Pretty soon, every

kid was working out the whole period, because if you had to take a stupid shower, you might as well work up a sweat. "It's all just like basketball," he says. "They'll challenge you and you got to find ways to get back at them."

Auerbach was a pro coach at 29, barely older than many of his players. Except for a few months in 1949 when he was an assistant at Duke, he has been with the league since its inception, as the Basketball Association of America in 1946; Philadelphia publicist Harvey Pollack is the only other survivor. By his measure, this means Auerbach has lasted through almost six generations of pro ball, because he believes a basketball generation spans six years and to survive as a coach or a player you must appreciate that.

"By the time that many seasons pass, you've got to change some of your philosophy," he says. "Now, I'm not saying that if they go in for disco dancing you have to go in for disco dancing. But you must adjust. Check a lot of good coaches around six years or so. They have a tendency to go down the tube for a while. Then the smart ones change.

continued

Red Auerbach

command

"The players I had for six years, I could detect changes in them, too, at that point. A lot of people think that the veterans influence the rookies. But not necessarily. The smart pros will pick up something from the new kids. You don't think [Isiah] Thomas and [Kelly] Tripucka aren't showing the Pistons something new? Think about that: If it wasn't the case, we'd still be playing like 40 years ago.

"But that doesn't mean people can be done over. The one thing I've learned is that the problem guys will revert. They'll appear to change if they have to, but as soon as they're secure, they'll revert. The next day, they'll revert. People are people. That's why I'm so careful when I sign a player to a new contract. I'll say: You really happy with this? Think about it. Because don't come back to me to renegotiate. We live with this.

"You used to have to earn your wings every day. But not anymore—I mean basketball or anywhere. But it used to be: No matter how good you'd been, you had to earn your wings every day."

Whatever accommodations Auerbach has made aren't readily apparent. It's surely instructive, though, that he always had great success with older players. He got a few more years out of them, and he never coddled the geezers; he didn't taper them off into retirement. "The issue is how old they are, not the number of minutes they play," he says. It would appear that this maxim is still being applied to the key senior personnel on the Celtic office staff.

"Red is always going to be very jealous of his stature," Jeff Cohen says. "He needs to be in control. Don't think that just because he's older, he'll release his grip on things. He doesn't like being older, either. That's tough for him to accept, especially since no one else will grant the fact that Red Auerbach can possibly be old. Red could never gracefully become an eminence grise."

Auerbach allows that for him the fun is disappearing, but the love is still there. The



In college Auerbach was a three-year starter and captain

other day, after a practice that he came by to see, to enjoy, Auerbach stood for a long time watching Tiny Archibald go one-on-one with a rookie. Auerbach seemed to draw something from that; all the time he talked about how much Archibald loved the game; one could quite feel the love going around the place. Still...

"So much of it's changed," Auerbach said. "The writers are all new, and the owners—a good percentage of them. The game was what was fun, but they won't let you enjoy it anymore. They all

bring lawyers to the league meetings and then we have to have debates. We used to come by ourselves and talk basketball. But the last time, I even had to make an impassioned plea. Can't we ever come to a meeting and talk about the game? And the way these new faces look at me—like I'm out to get 'em."

Well?

"Hey, I don't make that many deals!" He whined that, for effect.

"He's still the best G.M. in sports," says Woolf—and, understand, this is an agent talking. "He's three years in front of everybody else in the game. If Red had accomplished in New York only half of what he has in Boston, they'd have renamed Fifth Avenue after him."

If Auerbach does indeed call it quits after next season, if he doesn't renegotiate with himself, he will have to come back to one game in the fall of '83 so they can retire his number. Eighteen of the 188 men who have worn the Celtic green played with the team for at least a generation—six seasons or more. Thirteen of those have had their numbers retired. They are listed on two big banners that hang above the court. Also retired is No. 1, which was assigned, symbolically, to Walter Brown, the team's first owner. Auerbach would be No. 2.

The Boston Garden is packed to the rafters for the ceremony. Auerbach is called out, and here he comes, dressed in seven shades of tan, and the white banner with the big green No. 2 on it starts to rise, and throughout the place, everybody takes out a cigar. Everybody: the fans, of both sexes and all ages, and the ushers, the press, the referees, the TV cameramen. The present Celtics, and their opponents, too, and all the Guys who have come back, 6 and 14, 15, 16, 17, the two 18s, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25. Everybody in the old joint holds up a cigar for the man who has been the most successful at running a professional sports team. There are still a few people left who earn their wings every day.



Auerbach, Walter Brown (left) and the Guys celebrate their first title

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✓ Oldsmobile Cutlass	S W	C	65
✓ Oldsmobile Omega	4 Dr	SC	66
✓ Chevrolet Caprice	S W	I	67
✓ Pontiac Bonneville	S W	I	67
✓ Oldsmobile Delta 88	4 Dr	I	69
✓ Pontiac Catalina	4 Dr	I	69
✓ Buick LeSabre	4 Dr	I	73
✓ Mercury Marquis	4 Dr	I	74
✓ Buick Century	S W	C	76
✓ Chevrolet Malibu	S W	C	78
✓ Mercury Zephyr	S W	SC	80
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Datsun 200SX [†]	2 Dr	SS	150
Plymouth Sagamy [†]	2 Dr	S	149
Plymouth Arrow [†]	2 Dr	SS	148
Dodge Omni	2 Dr	S	142
Honda Prelude [†]	2 Dr	SS	140
Mazda GLC [†]	—	SS	139
Honda Civic [†]	2 Dr	SS	135
Datsun 210 [†]	—	SS	135
Plymouth Champ [†]	2 Dr	SS	134
Mazda RX 7 [†]	Sport	SS	132
Mercury Bobcat	2 Dr	SS	131
Toyota Corolla [†]	—	SS	130
Ford Mustang	2 Dr	S	128
Honda Civic [†]	S W	SS	129

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On The Scene

by STEVE RAYMOND

WHEN THIS FELLOW GETS FED UP WITH THE TUBE, HE TURNS TO SALMONFISHING

Some nights Al Adams turns off the TV and watches salmon instead. Adams, a 52-year-old dentist, lives on the western shore of Mercer Island in Lake Washington, east of Seattle, and he just happens to have a salmon stream, which can be viewed through a section of glass flooring, running beneath his living room floor. The stream was his idea and creation. The adult salmon that return to it were hatched from eggs incubated in Adams' backyard greenhouse. He may have the world's first pink tube.

Each year, beginning in late October, the salmon gather off the mouth of Adams' little stream. Then, one by one, they make their way up the seven-step fish ladder leading to a portion of the stream below the greenhouse where they were born. Their return is something the family—Al, his wife, Edee, and their four children—never tires of watching.

The Adamses had the house designed with twin foundations separated by a 10-foot-wide gap to accommodate a stream. Electric pumps draw water from Lake Washington and raise it to a series of small man-made ponds adjacent to the house. The ponds supply about 100 gallons a minute to the stream. When the Adamses moved into the house in 1970, all they had in mind was, Al says, "a pond, running water and maybe some trout."

But there were no fish until February 1974, when a friend offered Adams about 300 coho salmon fry left over from an experiment at the University of Washington. Adams put the salmon in his stream, where they stayed, feeding on commercial fish food, until they had grown to smolt (migratory) size. Then they left to begin a journey through the lake to its outlet and into Puget Sound and beyond.

Watching the little salmon grow to migratory size got Adams thinking about a long-term salmon-rearing project. Biologists from the State Fisheries Department checked out his backyard stream

system and told him it was well suited for rearing coho. In cooperation with the marine biology class at nearby Mercer Island High, Adams got a state permit and went to work. He and several students from the class went to a state salmon hatchery and spawned four female and three male coho salmon.

The spawning yielded about 12,000 eggs, which were placed in a redwood trough built by Mike Erickson, one of the students. The trough was set up amid the plants in Adams' greenhouse, and water siphoned from the artificial stream flowed through the incubating eggs.

On Christmas 1975 Adams got a special present: the birth of the first fish. Within three days just about all the eggs that were going to hatch had done so—about 10,000 of the original 12,000.

When the tiny fish—known at that stage as alevins—were ready to begin feeding, Adams transferred them to the stream next to the greenhouse. Thanks to frequent feeding, by summer the salmon were ready to begin their long journey to the Pacific.

Once they reach salt water coho spend about 18 months feeding and growing until they reach sexual maturity, when

there were no visible signs of illness or injury. "That really tugged at me a lot," Adams says. "I hesitated to accept the fact that it was one of our fish." The cause of its death was never determined.

But within a few days other salmon began to make their way up his tiny stream, and Adams knew his fish were finally coming home. "Then I relaxed and started to enjoy the trip," he says. In all, 140 salmon returned that year.

Since 1976 Adams has hatched, reared and released a new crop of coho every year. In 1979, 65 adult fish returned from his 1977 release; in 1980 six fish came home from the 1978 group. Last fall's 24 returnees were from the 1979 crop; the fish released in 1980 are still at sea. The largest fish ever to return was a 10½-pound female, which yielded 4,200 eggs when Adams spawned it.

Adams' most anxious moments have been during power failures, when he is forced to organize family bucket brigades to keep water circulating through the hatchery. Without running water, eggs or newly hatched alevins could die from lack of oxygen. Last year a violent storm struck on Nov. 14 and the power at Adams' home was off more than 12

hours, the longest outage since he began hatching salmon. Al and Edee grew sore packing water buckets to the hatchery, but their egg crop survived.

Along with the original redwood hatchery, Adams now has fiber-glass trays that give his hatchery a capacity of 100,000 eggs. His state permit allows him to release only 30,000 fish, so the surplus is loaded aboard state hatchery trucks and released elsewhere.

A pathologist examines the salmon before they are set free to make sure they are healthy.

Adams likes to fish for salmon but says he has "evolved a different frame of mind" about angling since he began raising his own. It's not so much that he's worried about catching one of his own fish—the chances of that are infinitesimally small—but "I'm getting more and more into the mind-set of catch-and-release. I get a real pleasure out of catching a beautiful fish, looking at it and then letting it go." That's understandable, because Adams knows better than most people the odds and obstacles a salmon has to overcome.

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES D. COE



unerring instinct calls them home to their river of origin. But birds, other fish, marine mammals and fishermen take a heavy toll along the way, leaving perhaps only a single survivor from every 100 smolts that went to sea.

If any of the 300 salmon released from Adams' stream in 1974 survived to adulthood, they would have returned in the fall of 1976. Not surprisingly, none did. But there were greater hopes for the 10,000 fish hatched in the greenhouse: the adults from that group were due home in the fall of 1978.

On Oct. 19, 1978 Adams found a bright four-pound adult coho in his stream. The fish was dead, although



All he expected a compact car to be was practical.

Then he saw the Olds Omega and realized he had been expecting too little.



Understandable, we think. Because the 1982 Omega is a lot more than you might expect a compact car to be. There's an economical 4-cylinder engine with new electronic fuel injection for better mileage estimates than last year. Front-wheel drive. MacPherson strut suspension. But most of all, this compact has style, right down to the handsome new front end. And you can imagine the luxury inside. The room and comfort and smooth, quiet ride. So, if all you expected from a compact was economy, we think you've been expecting too little.

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Sports Illustrated



Photography by Walter Iooss, Jr. for Sports Illustrated

It's a wonderful world!

Nobody has ever been able to say what sport is, quite.

But life would hardly be the same without it. Perhaps that's because sport means a number of opposite things.

It means fact and it means fancy. It is as tangible as a golf club and as intangible as a dewy morning; exciting as a photo finish, serene as ebb tide.

It is competition, composure, memory, anticipation. Sport is not all

things to all people. But today it is something in more different ways to more people than it has ever been before.

It is play for many and work for a few. It is what no one *has* to do and almost everyone *wants* to do. It represents, on the one hand, challenges willingly accepted—and on the other, gambits willingly declined.

Its colors are as bright as a cardinal's feathers; as soft as midnight on a mountain trail. It is as loud as a sta-

dium at the climax of a World Series—and as quiet as snow. It is exercise and rest. It is man exuberant and man content.

In America today, sport is not only a dream that lies over the rainbow. It is also an awakening that brings a family together—on a boat or beach, skiing weekend or camping trip.

Sport is a wonderful world.

Sports Illustrated
America's Sports Newsweekly.

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

SUPER BOWL XVI

Sir,

I tried to convince myself that this year's Super Bowl would be a bomb because my favorites, Dallas and San Diego, weren't involved, but then I finally broke down and watched the game. I was rewarded not only by the San Francisco 49ers' masterful performance but also by Paul Zimmerman's superb dissection of the game (X'd, O'd and KO'd, Feb. 1). I'm sure that this and the San Diego-Miami playoff game close out—at least until August—the Zimmerman-John Underwood debate (*A Running Debate*, Sept. 7) as to which brand of the game is more exciting, college or pro.

Rob Woods
Twentynine Palms, Calif.

Sir,

I'm prejudiced, but Paul Zimmerman's article on the 49ers' Super Bowl win was one of the best I've read in my many years as a subscriber. It reflects the reason why I've returned as a pro football fan this season: San Francisco Coach Bill Walsh and an exciting brain-along-with-brains brand of football.

You featured the 49ers on three consecutive covers (Jan. 18, Jan. 25 and Feb. 1). I worried about the SI cover jinx after the first, but relaxed after the second, hoping the second would cancel the first and negate the jinx. And now after the third, I'm ecstatic. And curious. Have three consecutive covers of SI ever before featured one team or one individual from any sport?

LOWELL P. BRAUN
Menlo Park, Calif.

• Not that we can recall. However, Bill Walton and some of his UCLA teammates came close in 1974, when they appeared on two consecutive covers—March 25 and April 1, opposite assorted North Carolina State players—and on three covers in six weeks, the other being Feb. 25, against Oregon. UCLA lost to both those teams that year.—ED

Sir,

In regard to Andy Hays' excellent cover shot (Feb. 1) of Earl Cooper executing one of football's greatest spikes, I noticed some interesting coincidences. Cooper, No. 49 for the 49ers, not only ended the season with his picture on the cover but he also began it with his photograph on the opening pages of your 1981 pro football preview (Sept. 7). In addition, he was on the cover of your Dec. 21 issue. What's more, all three pictures were taken by Hays.

BOB EFFINGER
Park Falls, Wis.

Sir,

As an NFC fan, I'm ecstatic over the San Francisco 49ers' Super Bowl victory, and I think they certainly deserved to appear on the cover of SI. In fact, their Cinderella rise to the top of the NFL might even have earned them the right to be on the cover twice in a row. But three weeks straight? That is an honor that should be reserved only for God—or Tom Landry.

SCOTT R. HUMPHREY
College Station, Texas

Sir,

I can't believe you totally overlooked the performance of the Bengals', and formerly Northeastern's, Dan Ross. After all, he only set a Super Bowl record for receptions (11) and scored two touchdowns. However, I guess you were right all along when you wrote in your preview article *What's New? These Two* (Jan. 25) that Ross is "one of the NFL's underrated tight ends." He must be underrated. His name wasn't mentioned in your entire Super Bowl story.

JEFF ADITYAN
Hudson, Mass.

Sir,

Paul Zimmerman's otherwise superb account of Super Bowl XVI was marred by an outmoded characterization: "The team [the 49ers] that uses the pass to set up the run went Big Ten. No more passes—not one."

During the 1981 season the Big Ten ranked second among Division IA conferences in passing yardage per game per team.

JORN WHITTM
Sports Editor
Englewood and News
Battle Creek, Mich.

49er FAITHFUL

Sir,

While reading the poignant and amusing story by Ron Finnite about his beloved but oftentimes inept San Francisco 49ers (*Mind You, This Time It's Not All Over*, Jan. 25), I was moved by his vivid recollections of the Niners of old who played in the rock pile called Kezar Stadium. It was a terrific piece of journalism, and I, who have little reason to follow the Niners, being a born-and-bred Midwesterner, wish I could have seen the team in those days of Y.A. Tittle, Joe Perry and Hugh McElhenry. Unfortunately, my earliest memory of the Niners is with John Brodie at quarterback and Matt Hazeltine at linebacker. However, my first football hero was McElhenry, who was then an aging but exciting running back for the 1961 Vikings.

BOB BALDWIN
Duluth

Sir,

Ron Finnite hit the nail right on the head. I was born and raised in Berkeley, Calif., and although I have lived in Minnesota for the past 10 years, I have never been able to bring myself to root with all my heart and soul for the Vikings. You see, I also am a 49er faithful, and I always will be. I never could explain it before. Now I don't have to. Finnite has done it for me.

DONALD D. NELSON
Brooklyn Park, Minn.

OWNERS VS. PLAYERS

Sir,

I was highly amused by San Diego Charger owner Gene Klein's assertion in your article *The 55% Solution* (Feb. 1) that Ed Garvey was "attempting to destroy the Chargers." Any knowledgeable sports fan in California can tell you who is really attempting to destroy the Chargers. Bill Walsh and the 49er fans are grateful for the Charger giveaway of Fred Denn, and Green Bay Coach Bart Starr, at least in part, thank the San Diego giveaway of John Jefferson for helping to save his job. Who is the villain that orchestrated this destruction by refusing to pay these players what they are worth? Look in the mirror, Gene.

The NFL owners would do well to realize that not all fans are so ignorant or so stupid as to fail to realize that it's the owners, not the players and their unions, who are really ruining sport for everyone.

RAYMOND PEROTTI
Moss Landing, Calif.

Sir,

Pro football players should be paid more than basketball, baseball or hockey players. In none of those sports is a player's body subjected to as much bruising as it is in pro football. However, let's hope that the NFL won't be as dumb as major league baseball was, and that there will be no strike.

SCOTT STILL
Austin, Ga.

Sir,

So the NFL players want only 55% of the owners' gross take. Obviously, they have no imagination. All they have to do, because as Garvey says, they are the game, is to bypass the owners and form their own league. Then, of course, they could keep 100% of the gross. One must wonder, however, how they would split the take.

JERRY BILL
Englewood, Fla.

Sir,

Ed Garvey should take a little closer look at the football salary figures he thinks are too common.

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PERIOD.

low. While it may be true that football players receive a lower average salary than basketball and baseball players, they make out better on a per-game basis. Using the 1980 average salary figures for the three sports (basketball \$186,000, baseball \$143,000, NFL \$78,000), I find that NFL players receive \$4,875 for each regular-season game, NBA players \$2,268.29 and baseball players \$882.72.

Athletes are going to have to forget the notion that all owners are making a lot of money. The owner is the one who is putting up his capital for equipment, transportation and food. If the operation is run smoothly, then the owner should be entitled to his profits, not the players. Garvey's plan is completely off the wall. Let the players go on strike.

RIKARD FORD
Ardmore, Pa.

Sir:

I am a founder of the NFLPA, but the present course of that organization under Ed Garvey is anathema to me.

Your story reveals Garvey as a very pedestrian person who seeks ego gratification by promising current and future NFL players instant lifetime financial security from the first day they step on the playing field. This was never the intent of the Players Association; players during my era (1950-58) considered pro ball an exciting and enjoyable interlude between college and their life's work.

DON COLO
Scottsdale, Ariz.

• Colo, a graduate of Brown, played as a tackle for the Baltimore Colts (1950, New York Yanks (1951), Dallas Texans (1952) and Cleveland Browns (1953-58).—ED

A&M'S COACH

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed Douglas S. Looney's article on Jackie Sherrill (*Jackie Hits the Jackpot*, Feb. 1). There is no doubt that he is one of the top college football coaches in the country. However, I am afraid that this huge contract will make him look bad. This shouldn't be the case. In my opinion, it is Texas A&M that should be "embarrassed," as the school's president put it. No one should fault Sherrill for accepting the offer. He wanted the position of athletic director, and with that salary, how could he pass it up? I was sorry to see him leave Pitt, but I wish him the best of luck at A&M.

DAVID L. SHARP
Linz, Pa.

Sir:

Two hundred and sixty-seven thousand dollars a year for a football coach? Why not? The presidents of many of the top U.S. corporations make that much and more.

College athletics is big business. Successful businessmen get paid well. Jackie Sherrill has been successful.

LAWRENCE O. GULLORY
Lafayette, La.

Sir:

You missed the real story, which occurred in Ann Arbor, Mich., when Bo Scheinbecker had the integrity to turn down basically the same offer that Jackie Sherrill grabbed. You could have honored a man who put loyalty to a university and keeping his word to his coaches and players ahead of megabucks, but you mentioned Scheinbecker only in passing. You also could have redeemed yourselves for the article you did on Scheinbecker (86, Sept. 14), which, for those who know him, was a less than accurate and fair portrayal.

Instead you glorified Sherrill, who broke a contract with Pitt and a commitment to his players because he felt "unappreciated" right after being named Pittsburgh's Dapper Dan Man of the Year. And then, to compound your mistake, you followed the "Sherrill-A&M" article with *The 55% Solution*, reporting the demands of the NFL Players Association for 55% of the owners' gross NFL revenues. Do you realize that nine of your first 21 pages of feature articles were devoted to the almighty dollar? Perhaps that's what sport has become. If it has, it's a great shame. But it's an even greater shame when a man stands against the tide, as Scheinbecker did, and you fail to highlight him.

DENNIS PAINTER
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir:

I feel obliged to extend a word of warning to the new head football coach and athletic director at Texas A&M. I have been, and still am, an avid supporter of the A&M athletic program. Nonetheless, it has been my observation over the past 10 years that the A&M Board of Regents has afforded the school's mascot, Reveille, more respect than it has A&M's coaches and athletic directors. Good luck, Jackie Sherrill! You'll need it.

STEVE SMITH
Galveston, Texas

Sir:

Many people will deplore Jackie Sherrill's receiving \$267,000 to coach football, while college presidents and professors must struggle along on \$100,000 or less. Their concern is misplaced. What of the employees of these football factories, the amateur football players? Other than bed, board, books, beer money under the table from grateful alumni and perhaps a car when the NCAA isn't looking, these student-athletes receive no monetary rewards for their efforts. Perhaps now is the time for all jock-slaves to unite and demand just compensation.

DONALD R. HEIDEL
Oak Ridge, N.J.

Sir:

With regard to Jackie Sherrill's recent bonanza at Texas A&M, if the Aggies are so dumb, how come they're rich?

DAVID E. BORREBAUGH
Pittsburgh

OBERSON'S OUTFIT

Sir:

I would like to correct the identification of the pattern pants and bloom worn by Kim Alcorn on the second spread of your swimsuit feature (*Kenya Top This?* Feb. 8). The designer of that outfit was not Leah Gottlieb of Gottlieb but Gideon Oberson of Tel Aviv.

GIDEON OBERSON
Tel Aviv, Israel

• We'll have to correct the price, too. The pants are \$135, the bikini \$60.—ED

IN DEFENSE OF JENNER

Sir:

I've known Bruce Jenner since before the '76 Olympics, and I'd like to assure Phil Mahre (*Double Trouble on the Slopes*, Jan. 18) and anyone else who shares his views that Jenner's motivation for his gold medal wasn't money. It was simply the challenge to be the best in the world at what he loved.

Track isn't like boxing, skiing, hockey or figure skating, where you can turn pro even if you don't finish first in the Olympics. Before Jenner, who from track and field ever made big post-Olympic money? Did decathletes Bob Mathias, Milt Campbell, Rafer Johnson and Bill Toomey get rich? So why should Bruce have expected it to be different for him? Believe me, he didn't. Naturally, he felt good things would happen if he won, but "get rich"? No way.

But let's say others before Jenner had made money. In order for Jenner to do so, with no pro track, he'd still have to win the gold and then the public's affection. Olympic competition and pressure, variables like weather and injuries, make chances for the gold slim, and who can predict the public? Therefore, after finishing only 10th in the '72 Olympics, Bruce would have had to be crazy to gamble his next four years, training eight hours daily in virtual anonymity and under severe financial strain, at hopes of achieving such a very long shot. And Jenner isn't crazy.

The extent of Jenner's multifaceted success since Montreal was unexpected, but he earned it. Let him enjoy it and continue to inspire others. Considering that, according to *SI*, Mohre very likely earns more than \$100,000 annually from skiing while competing as an amateur, he should be the last person to criticize anyone over money, especially Jenner, who when he was an amateur and the decathlon world-record holder, earned less than \$7,500 annually selling insurance.

GEORGE WALLACE
Bruce Jenner's manager
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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